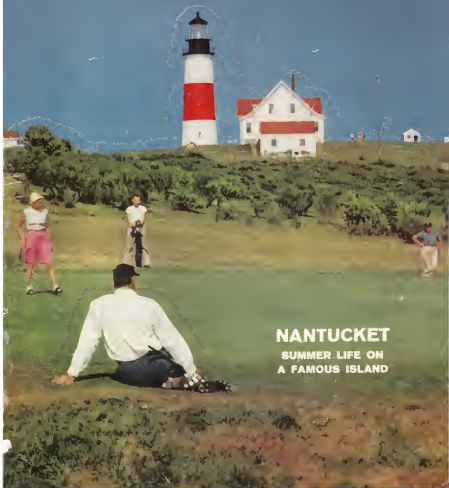


SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

AUGUST 4, 1958

America's National Sports Weekly

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SUMMER LIFE ON
A FAMOUS ISLAND



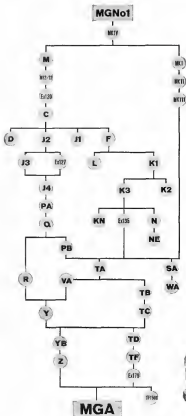
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MEMO *from the publisher*

IN forthcoming issues are two contrasting examples of how **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** fulfills its pleasant obligation to report the contemporary scene. Ten years ago the subjects were only in the distance.

Skin-diving, as a practical exploration for wealth and food, is almost primeval; flying, in a heavier-than-air machine, dates from 1903. But as diversions for individuals and families both are postwar phenomena as



up to date as color television, frozen soup and the three-day weekend.

Last year Clare Boothe Luce wrote of her initiation and first steps into the mysterious realm where man pretends to be—and tries to meet—fish (SI, Sept. 9 and 16, 1957). Her goal was a face-to-face encounter with an angelfish. She met a jewelfish—almost good enough.

Next week she writes in the first of two articles of her continuing pursuit of underwater romance and beauty—and of the angelfish.

Last year Mrs. Luce was in Bermuda. This year it is the Bahamas. There, on the southwest reef off New Providence, she dives again, accompanied by Art Pinder, the ace of spearfishermen. What she tells is the illuminating and humorous story of an intermediate skin-diver, seeking new

worlds. And what she found David Goodnow illustrates in color pictures.

Now, private flying. Assuming you buy a plane, how would you learn to fly it; what happens after you do; and how much does it cost you?

With written advice on how they can change your way of living, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** presents pictorially the six planes, ranging in price from \$5,500 to \$60,000, which are most popular today among the people who fly for fun—and a chart of some 20 other planes suitable for pleasure flying. You will also find leads on where to go in your flying machine, once you know how to get it up and bring it down; for resorts from Mexico to Maine await your happy landing. And finally, Joan Dickinson, a young and pretty mother, describes how it went when she was the first to take the program which combines a vacation with private pilot training. It happened at Martha's Vineyard, and it started this year.

While doing these stories, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** came to know a flying club in Miami. Weekends it takes off for salt water. There the members skin-dive from the planes' pontoons. Then they fly home.

And that sounds about as contemporary as **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** itself.



Henry Phillips

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly by mail out at 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Printed in U.S.A. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Chicago, Illinois.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES U.S., Canada and U.S. Possessions, except Hawaii and Alaska, 1 yr. \$7.50. Air delivery to Alaska and Hawaii, 1 yr. \$10.00. All other subscriptions, 1 yr. \$10.00.

SUBSCRIPTION CORRESPONDENCE **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Change of address requires three weeks' notice. Please make magazine and future address label from a recent issue, or state exactly how magazine is addressed. Include postal zone number. Change requires old as well as new address.

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, N.Y. 20, N.Y.

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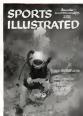
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Cover: Nantucket ▶

Beyond the lighthouse on this week's cover lies the Atlantic Ocean, the backdrop for the scenic seaside course of Nantucket's Seaside Head Club.

Photograph by Tom Farnell

Next week



▶ The further adventures of Playwright-Congresswoman-Diplomat Clare Boothe Luce in the underwater world begin in the first of a serial in two parts, *The Hoovers Below*

▶ Jerome Weidman, charter member of the bestsellers club, puts his humorous pen to an interpretation of some of the cockeyed problems of Suburbia's playing grounds.

▶ The Little Le Mans—a 16-hour endurance race for imported small cars at Lime Rock, Conn.—is reported by Kenneth Hudson, a true test of these automotive bugs.

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SCOREBOARD

A worldwide roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL—BALTIMORE's battery Dennis Lit momentarily in second-place tie with skidding Red Sox for best showing since entering majors in 1954 Red Sox' preservation with previous week's bright display cost dearly as they lost four straight, rejoined underdogs in seven-team second division. Yankees, thrashville, slipped into apocalyptic, won five straight, had gained 13½-game advantage, best of season, shortly before Cleveland stripped gears. Detroit helplessly helped New York cruise as they fell 13-3, 16-4 and 10-7 to Yanks, were left scuttling at head of cellar steps. Washington, as customary, waited at bottom.

Giants had disastrous week, lost four out of five, were shut out twice. Still and all, they remained one game behind leading Milwaukee, which lost four, won four. Glory-hounding Cubs spluttered out as they dropped five of seven games but managed to keep slippery grip on third place. Pat-upon Dodgers enjoyed three-day respite from cellar, but at Prairie-Incubators returned, maligned by neighborly Phillies, who won two for New Manager Eddie Sawyer, then subdivided into recognized win-a-few, lose-a-few pace.

BOXING—PETE RADENMACHER, showing more doggedness than style, alternately backtracked and banged his balding head against the hard right fist of Zora Foley, went down twice in the third round, twice in the fourth, ran out of coordination altogether 15 seconds into the fourth, lost on K.O. (see below).

JOE BROWN, maturing lightweight world champion, called on experience of 32-and-odd years to outpoint 26-year-old southpaw Kenay Lane, aka out fifth title defense in 23 months. Brown, who has proposed that all left-handers be taken out before supper and drowned, found fight awkward going all the way but rallied in closing rounds

to sway judges against ex-farmboy Lane. PAUL JOHN CARBO, Frankie Carbo, Frank Russo and Mr. Grey, one and the same criminal, who gets his laughs corresponding boxing, was indicted on 10 counts of under-cover smuggling by New York grand jury, was still undercover and free at week's end (see page 25). EARLY in week, jury issued two-count indictment against Gabriel Geronzi, first cousin to Mafia's Vito Geronzi, proprietor of plush Miami bookie-burlesques. The charges arising as under-cover manager of Lightweight Ludwig Lightbulb.

TRACK & FIELD—THE U.S. MEN outdistanced Russians, and the Russian women outscored Americans in the long-awaited U.S.-Soviet dual meet in Moscow (see page 8).

HERB ELLIOTT became first to break 6-minute mile seven times, did it in 3:08 run at British Empire Games in Cardiff. Earlier, South African Police Inspector Gerhardus Fogger, 22, smashed world record in 440-yard hurdles, clipping off 2 second for 43.7 time.

BOATING—BELLSTEAD kept phoning coast-guard of 2½-ton hydroplane. Motorist ahead of fork all the way, was cork of the walk at end of 30-mile Mike High regatta on Lake Tahoe. Motorist took \$5,000 Mages Cup with good mile advantage over second-place Moss Rorick, averaged sailing 85.341-mph average over medium water.

SENIOR BOAT CLUB, after 67 years of futile trying, snared overwhelming win of Royal Canadian Henley Regatta in Port Dalhousie, Ont., smashed nine-year grip on title by Buffalo West Side and St. Catherine's Rowing Club. All told, Detroit accumulated 12 victories and 397.75 points to 145 for runner-up St. Catherine's.

CARLSON K. CURWIN, Rye, N.Y. 210

skipper, won Anne Kathleen Cullen Memorial Trophy for best performance during weather-battered Larchmont Race Week.

TENNIS—ALTHEA GIBSON, disappointed by missed opportunity to play Beverly Baker Flata in Pennsylvania lawn championships (Beverly, never beaten by Althea, fell in third round), found consolation in finals against Sally Moore, 18, won 7-5, 2-6, 6-4. For her part, seventh-seeded Mrs. Moore provided none of week's best action, left court among most promising juniors.

BARRY WACKAY pulled from seven match points to beat Peru's (and U. of California's) Alejandro Ornela 6-8, 6-4, 4-6, 6-3, 14-12 in Pennsylvania matches, men's division.

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SPORTS—JAMES and BARBARA SICKMAN, Upper Sandusky, Ohio, stitched Moroccan 1935L around 81.44 miles of Lake Huron territory for two days, won SCCA Press-on-Regardless Rally at Saratoga, Ont. Second: Bob Molman and Suzanne Hundermark.

BOB WELDON, NASCAR's leading convertible driver, took Myrtle Beach, S.C. 100-miler in 1957 Chevrolet with 66.5-mph average, his third win in three weeks. Atlanta's Tiny Lund, in 1956 Ford, was second.

HORSE RACING—BOLD RULER, accommodating to a fault, preciously undertook 136-pound load in Brooklyn Handicap at Jamaica, found the mile and ¾ an uphill proposition and finished seventh in field of eight. His fourth finish out of the money in his career. Calicos, under leathery 110 pounds, won \$57,000 feature (see page 11).

DARK VANTAGE, unbranded 2-year-old filly by Wase Lan out of But Defiantly, captured \$191,160 Arlington Lassie Stakes under John Heckman, earned unaccountable No. 1 ranking in western filly division.

GALLANT MAN, toting 132 pounds for first time, handily completed two-race assault on Hollywood Park, won \$107,990 Sunset Handicap four lengths over Eddie

focus on the deed . . .



FIRST MOUNT for Bill Hartack, nation's leading jockey turned sleepwalker, was Molman, who won 10-lure event at Monmouth.



SECOND LOOK is deserved by Detroit Lions coaching staff who started training six-week suits. At right is Head Coach George Wilson.



THIRD BOUNCE in four-knockdown fight is absorbed by quasi-pro Pete Rademacher after cautious contact with Foley's right.

faces in the crowd . . .

Schmidt, the same horse he beat 10 days earlier in \$142,100 Gold Cup.

INDIAN, in world's richest race for fillies and mares, rushed into proceedings from sixth place in last-quarter-mile, upraked through with mare was over Dotted Line in \$143,342 Delaware Handicap. Sold out-pumped Jockey Bobby Ussery on Dotted Line: "Another jump and the pot was mine."

A DRAGON KILLER, 17-to-1 shot in Arlington Classic for 3-year-olds, photo-finished over Talent Show to win \$146,575 event, tripled total earnings of previous 23 starts.

SWIMMING—TONATIUH GUTIERREZ, Mexico's indefatigable marathoner, won 19-mile-a-mile Capri-to-Naples race for second year in row, earned world long-distance swimming championship.

BRITISH EMPIRE Games continued to be jam-packed spot for exciting world swimming records as Dawn Fraser set new 1:1.04 mark for 110-yard freestyle, four English teen-agers posted new 4:54 time for 400-yard medley relay, Judy Grinstead (see right) set new backstroke mark.

FOR THE RECORD

ARCHERY—SIGRID JOHANSSON, Swedish women's world champion, 11 points over Nier Jorg's Ann Cerby, James Coopers, Norway, won 30-meter world title, Sweden's 31st Olympic, men's world championships, U.S., women's team 1935; Finland, men's team 1935; 18 Brazil.

BOXING—JAMES PAT McHEERY, 19-round decision over Charlie McKee, Minneapolis, Tennessee, Wash.

JAY FILLMER, second division over Sandy Finkler, Chicago, Ill.; Jimmie, East.

GEORGE BERRY, 19-round decision over Jerry Fries, Melbourne, England.

CLAY WALKER, 19-round KO over Ralph Riddle, Jacksonville, Florida.

YOUNG MARTIN, 15-round decision over Robert Finkler, Springfield, Ill.; 19th round.

GOLF—LOUISE RUGGS, Atlanta, French Lick (Ind.) Women's Open, with 200 for 72 holes, after leading with 70th Par 3, Cracker, Cracker, runner-up with 70.

ART WALL, JR., Pottsville, Pa., Eastern Open at Baltimore, on 3rd hole of sudden-death playoff with Bob Ginkley and Jack Burke.

GENE ELSTON, Kansas City, Mo., Cypress Springs Men's Invitational, with 200 for 72 holes over Jim Fries, Denver.

JACK RULE, Waterloo, Iowa, Western Junior Championship, Iowa City, with 5 and 1 win over C. Smith III, Chicago, Ill.

WILLIAM O'CONNOR, Detroit, and JOHN G. BILLES, New York, Newport (R.I.) Country Club Invitational tournament, with 188 for 72 holes, 1st 2nd.

LENDY TULL, St. Louis, Central States Open tournament, Springfield, Ill., with 200 for 72 holes, Monte Hale, St. Louis, women's division with 105.

BOBBY BACHS—SWEDEN'S SON: 410/1000, 11th Michigan State Open, 1:11.8 m., by 100, in 1:12 1/2 Detroit, June 2nd up.

W. ATCH—BOBBY BACHS: 11th Michigan State Open, 6:1 by 116 inches, over International Men's Open, St. Louis, 1st.

TOMMY LAMBERT—87,110 Lanes and Pottsville, Pa., with 200 for 72 holes, over Swirling Ashby, Hollywood, Pa.; Johnny Langer up.

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SPORTS—JIMMY REED, Philadelphia, N.Y., 100-m. Grand National, took over race in 1:31.5, 1957 Ford, Baltimore, N.J.

TENNIS—WHILEY COOPER, Australia, over Nicky Pietrangeli, Australia, 2-6, 7-6, 6-4, 6-3 for men's singles title of 16-national championships of Australian Lawn Tennis Association, Australia, over Vladimir Kuznetsov, Moscow, 1st, 6-2, 6-0 for women's title.

CHUCK MCKINLEY, St. Louis, over Jim Stalder, St. Petersburg, Fla., 1-6, 6-4, 6-3, 1-6, 6-3 for juniors title in Western Junior and Boys championships, Chicago, Ill.; Charles Rembert, St. Louis, 1st, 6-4, 6-3 for boys' title.



BARBARA MCINTIRE, pretty 23-year-old Jupiter, Fla. golfer, covered last eight holes of women's Western Amateur 3 under par, was able to beat Modest Ann Quast 2 and 1 in 36-hole final at Chicago tournament.

CLAYTON EWING, skipper of yawl Dyna, showed craft's stern to 71 other yachts in 335-mile Chicago-to-Mackinac race, won 51-year-old classic for second straight year, Dyna won Port Huron-to-Mackinac week before.



JUDY GRINSTADT, British Olympic swimming triathlete, silver medal at Cardiff's Empire Games to set new world record for 110-yard backstroke. Her time, 1:11.9, also broke unofficial mark set night before.



A/E RISTO PITKO, Finnish-born New Yorker, gathered 21 points in Air Force's world-wide swimming championships, was top man after winning 100-meter freestyle, butterfly and 400-meter medley.



HUGO WILEY, of Towson, Md., won the King George V Gold Cup in the premier event of London's International Horse Show with a faultless ride on Master Wilhem. The Queen Mother presented the gold trophy to Wiley.

SANDY RICHY, 15, dominated Western Junior tennis tournament, Dayton, Ohio, dropped the defending champion, Sue Hodgman 6-1, 6-2. Daughter of Rice Coach George Richy, she has been playing eight years.



BRUCE CASTATOR, despite sparking chip shoot by Eric Hansen, held on to two-hole advantage, won the fifty-fourth Canadian Amateur golf championship in Toronto, Bob Brae, Amersham threat, lost in semifinals.



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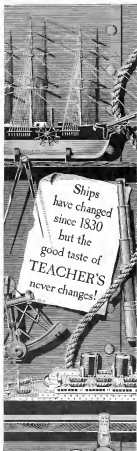
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COMING EVENTS

August 1 to August 10

* Television

* Color television

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All times E D T, except where otherwise noted

Friday, August 1

BOATING

National Boyer Regatta, Chautauque Lake, N.Y. (through August 8).
National Championship Regatta, limited on-board, Lake Washington, Seattle (through August 9).
New York Yacht Club Cup, 12-runder competition, New London to Cape Cod (through Aug. 9).

BOXING

* Tony Anthony vs. Archie McBride, heavyweights, 10 rds., Syracuse, N.Y., 10 p.m. (NBC)

SWIMMING

AAU Senior Women's Outdoor Swimming and Diving Championships, Toledo, Ohio (through Aug. 3)

Saturday, August 2

AUTO RACING

and Annual Little Le Mans, Lime Rock, Conn.
NASCAR Grand National Division 100-mile race, 44,000, Bridgehampton, N.Y.

BASEBALL

* Cleveland Redlegs vs. Los Angeles Dodgers, Cleveland, 7:35 p.m. (CBS)
* Milwaukee Braves vs. San Francisco Giants, Milwaukee, 2:30 p.m. (NBC)
* Pittsburgh Pirates vs. St. Louis Cardinals, Pittsburgh, 1:10 p.m. (Mutual)

BOATING

Longer Trophy Race, 117 miles, Cedar Point, Ohio to Cleveland

GOLF

USGA Junior Amateur (final day), St. Paul.

HORSE RACING

Adriatic Futurity, \$75,000, 2-yr-olds, 6 f., Arlington Park, Ill.
* Monmouth Oaks, \$50,000, 3-yr-olds (fillies), 1 1/8 m., Monmouth Park, N.J., 4 p.m. (NBC)
San Diego Handicap, \$50,000, 3-yr-olds and up, 1 1/16 m., Del Mar, Calif.
* The Whizzy, \$40,000, 4-yr-olds and up, 1 1/8 m., Saratoga Springs, N.Y., 4:38 p.m. (CBS)

SHOOTING

National Shot Shooting Association Championships (final day), Watford, Mich.

Sunday, August 3

AUTO RACING

NASCAR 150-mile Division 200-mile race, 44,000, Charlotte, N.C.
NASCAR Grand National Division 200-mile race, 44,000, Williams Grove, Pa.

BASEBALL

* Chicago White Sox vs. New York Yankees, Chicago, 2:40 p.m. (CBS)
* Milwaukee Braves vs. San Francisco Giants, Milwaukee, 2:30 p.m. (Mutual)

BOATING

American Canoe Association National Championships, Sugar Island near Greenport, Ont. (through Aug. 10)

GOLF

Chicago Open, \$50,000 (final day), Lenox, Ill.

TENNIS

USLTA Girls' 15 Championships (final day), Middleboro, Ohio.
USLTA Junior and Boys' Championships (final day), Kalamazoo, Mich.

Monday, August 4

ARCHERY

National Target Archery Championships, St. Paul, Minn. (through Aug. 6)

BASEBALL

* Washington Senators vs. Philadelphia Phillies (first of three (fourth and remaining), Compton, N.Y., 3:30 p.m. (Mutual)

BOXING

* Leroy Matthews vs. Steve Ward, lightweights, 10 rds., St. Nick's, New York, 10 p.m. (Joe Mast)

FISHING

National Underwater Spear Fishing Championships, Catalina Island, Calif.

HORSE RACING

Chloris Stakes, \$25,000, 3-yr-olds, 1 1/16 m., Monmouth Park, N.J.

TENNIS

National Junior Chapter of Commerce Championships, Chapel Hill, N.C. (through Aug. 9)

Tuesday, August 5

BASEBALL

* Chicago Cubs vs. San Francisco Giants, Chicago, 2:30 p.m. (Mutual)

HORSE RACING

Metropolitan Handicap, \$50,000, 3-yr-olds and up (fills and mares), 1 1/16 m., Monmouth Park, N.J.
(Teletext)
The Voncken (3-yr-old colts), \$15,000, Yonkers, N.Y.

Wednesday, August 6

BASEBALL

* Boston Red Sox vs. Washington Senators, Boston, 1:00 p.m. (Mutual)

BOXING

* Benny Liston vs. Wayne Butera, heavyweights, 10 rds., Chicago, 10 p.m. (ABC)
2nd International Diamond Belt Tournament, Mexico City (through Aug. 9)

HORSE RACING

Boscon Handicap, \$50,000, 3-yr-olds and up, 6 f., Monmouth Park, N.J.
Saratoga Special, women-take-all, 2-yr-olds, 6 f., Saratoga Springs, N.Y.
The Champagne, \$25,000, 3-yr-olds (fills), 1 m., Arlington Park, Ill.
(Teletext)
Squire Truitt Classic (classified), \$25,000, Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

Thursday, August 7

BASEBALL

* Milwaukee Braves vs. Pittsburgh Pirates, Milwaukee, 2:30 p.m. (Mutual)

GOLF

Midler High Life Open, \$15,000, Milwaukee (through Aug. 10)

HORSE RACING

Trinidad Futurity Classic (classified), \$20,000, Verona, N.J.
Grandview Fencing Derby (FFA), \$25,000, Solon, Ohio.

SHOOTING

National Rifle Association Pistol and Rifle Matches, Camp Perry, Ohio (through Sept. 16)

Friday, August 8

BOXING

* Jerry Calzone vs. Gene Armstrong, middleweights, 10 rds., Mad Sq. Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (NBC)

GOLF

Carta Cup Matches (women amateurs), West Newton, Mass. (also Aug. 9).
Winnipeg Women's Open, \$6,500, Saskatoon, Ill. (through Aug. 10)

HORSE RACING

American Legion Handicap, \$25,000, 3-yr-olds and up, 7 f., Saratoga Springs, N.Y.
(Teletext)
The Transamerica (pure), \$25,000, Wilmington, Del.

SWIMMING

AAU Senior Men's Diving and Diving Championships, Indianapolis (through Aug. 10)

Saturday, August 9

BASEBALL

* Detroit Tigers vs. Chicago White Sox, Detroit, 2:30 p.m. (NBC)
New York Yankees vs. Boston Red Sox (Old Timer's Day), New York, 1:00 p.m. (CBS)

HORSE RACING

Saratoga Mile, \$100,000, 3-yr-olds and up, 1 m., Saratoga Springs, N.Y.
* The Travers, \$40,000, 3-yr-olds, 1 1/4 m., Saratoga Springs, N.Y., 4:04 p.m. (CBS)

Sunday, August 10

AUTO RACING

NASCAR National Sweepstakes 100-mile race, 44,000, Nashville.

BASEBALL

* New York Yankees vs. Boston Red Sox, New York, 1:30 p.m. (CBS)

BOATING

Gold Cup, selected hydro, Seattle

POLO

Milwaukee National 25-Goal Handicap Tournament, Milwaukee (also Aug. 11 and 24)

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DECATHLON RIVALS JOHNSON AND KUZNETSOV HAD EPIC QUEL; VISITORS O'BRIEN, SAEKA AND DAVIS TOURED THE KREMLIN

**SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED**
AUGUST 4, 1958

AN EXPLOSION

That special American dynamism diagnosed by Parry O'Brien couldn't quite stop Russia in a bitterly fought track duel

by TEX MAULE

WHEN THE twin-engine Finnish Convair crossed into Russian territory the American athletes aboard peered curiously out of the windows, down onto a rolling countryside darkening rapidly. Then, with night, the ground was an unrelieved black, lit only at lonely intervals. The face of Russia seemed empty and ominous.

Athletes who had joined the group in Helsinki had warned the others that they could expect to be stoned when the ship landed in Moscow, but the American track and field team was greeted with flowers, not rocks. Discus Thrower Nina Ponomareva

led some 200 Russians in a cheerfully noisy demonstration, although the team arrived after midnight. The Americans were hustled through customs in what must have been a world-record time for Russia, where the simplest things are difficult and the difficult impossible.

Soviet bureaucracy took a holiday as far as the American track team was concerned. American jazz was provided on the loudspeaker system at the central stadium where our athletes practiced last week, and officials laughed happily when some of the team members dutifully jitterbugged to the music.

When the Russian athletes arrived from Tallinn, the Estonian capital where the national championships were held, they gathered in disciplined groups (by events) around the American performers. Soviet coaches with cameras took movies of every American gesture, but they are due for some surprises if they expect their own athletes to use the same warm-up methods, since some Americans—such as Charley Dumas, the world record holder in the high jump—invented exercises to suit the occasion. "They've got a dossier on me going back to 1952," boasted Parry O'Brien, U.S. world record holder in the shotput. "I've watched them practice and I've seen them in competition and they have my technique down pat, but I don't think they'll ever get over 60 feet by imitating me. It's a matter of the Russian temperament, I think. They don't have



AMERICANS ROBINSON (LEFT) AND JONES (RIGHT) BOUNDED OVER THE 100-METER HIGH HURDLES IN FIRST-DAY U.S. SWEEP

THAT SPLUTTERED

the faculty of squeezing all their nervous energy into a tight ball and exploding it in one tremendous burst of effort. They're great in things which require endurance and application but they're not temperamentally suited for the things which take this kind of explosive energy."

O'Brien's analysis of the Russian character insofar as it relates to track might have been a blueprint for the meet itself. In the events requiring an intense expenditure of effort over a relatively brief time the Americans were easily the best.

Some of the Russian good nature wore away during the first afternoon of the competition. Radio Moscow carried only the first three events of the afternoon. When the Soviets failed to win any of three, Radio Moscow abandoned the track meet abruptly, and shortly afterward the Moscow TV network did the same.

Although the original agreement between the United States and Russian track committees had been that the men's and women's meets would be scored separately, the scores were flashed on the big boards at each end of Lenin Stadium as a composite of the two divisions. The Russians whistled at an American athlete only once. Whistling is the Russian equivalent of a Bronx cheer, and it broke out shrilly when Gordon McKenzie, lapped by both Russian entrants in the 10,000-meter run and well out of the race when it was only half over, slowed to a walk. He was disqualified later on the grounds that it was illegal for him to slow to a walk during the race. Pincus Sober, the American referee, filed a protest against the ruling, but it was rejected. "I've heard of walkers being disqualified for running, but not runners for walking," he commented.

O'Brien's appraisal of Russian capabilities continued to stand up. Ira Murchison and Ed Collymore placed one-two in the 100-meter run, although the Russian sprinters Leonid Bartenyev and Yuriy Konvalov began surprisingly well, reflecting the thorough study they have made of starting techniques.

O'Brien himself provided the most startling vindication of his own theory. Like many of the Americans, O'Brien was sick for the two days immediately preceding the meet. During the first two or three practice sessions the team had only five or six community glasses to drink from in the dressing room, and Team Trainer Frank Medina said this caused a rash of sore throats to spread through the 60 athletes. O'Brien's sore throat developed into a sinus infection, and he did not exercise seriously during

continued on page 55



LADY LUCK RULES THE REALM OF CHANCE, WHOSE SUBJECTS SPEND 23 BILLION ANNUALLY AT HER COURT

THE GLOBAL GAMBLE

Sports Illustrated presents the findings of a unique around-the-world inquiry into one of man's oldest and most controversial passions, with charts pinpointing expenditures

by KENNETH RUDEEN

THE PEOPLES of the world spend the colossal sum of \$23 billion every year on accountable forms of public gambling and an immense additional amount in private wagers which cannot be traced. That is the finding of a unique **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** survey, which returned impressive confirmation that the urge to gamble is one of the strongest of human instincts. It may well be the strongest of the drives which come after those devoted to sustaining and reproducing life. It is an urge which has often led to degradation; still, life in many of its facets is a calculated gamble which cannot be avoided. Philosophy apart, man is odds-on to go right along having an occasional flutter as long as he and his fantastic variety of gambling outlets exist. The minority which cannot summon up the moral discipline to resist enslavement to gambling will, it seems, trouble court and clergy ad infinitum.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED utilized its worldwide news-gathering resources

to amass the statistics on these pages; they are derived from the reports of almost a hundred correspondents, who checked official records and pressed authorities for careful estimates where audits were unavailable. The figures are not intended to represent the absolute amount wagered in any country. Vast untraceable sums change hands in private betting. It

was discovered, moreover, that an accounting of the three principal outlets almost invariably covered all substantial public gambling for which reliable figures were available in a given country. The figures, then, represent each country's three major gambling outlets. The only exception is the U.S., whose estimated \$2 billion in public betting outside the big three (horse racing, numbers games and slot machine play) is too large to be omitted.

Horse racing's rank as first in American betting popularity reflects a worldwide trend. The fact is that the world annually bets upwards of \$10.7 billion on the bangtails, and this is far and away the biggest slice of the \$23 billion melon. Lotteries rank next at \$1.4 billion; then football (soccer) pools, \$453 million; and casino tables, \$370 million.

The United States takes the biggest national flyer—to the tune of \$15 billion a year. Australians are the heaviest plungers—about \$160 per person each year, compared with \$90 for Americans, \$52 for New Zealanders and \$30 for Britons. Clearly the English-speaking peoples are prodigious "punters." Indeed, the Americans, Britons and Australians are the only billion-dollar bettors on earth. The other nations are in there trying, though, except Communist China,

HOW MUCH IS \$23 BILLION?

- As much as the total cost to the U.S. of World War I
- 200 times the annual budget of Lebanon
- \$2 billion short of the combined budgets of France and Great Britain
- 450 times the UN budget
- Five times the annual U.S. expenditure on foreign aid
- Eight times the value of the Middle East's yearly crude oil output

which seems unable to reconcile the ways of Marx with mah-jongg. Strict antgambling laws and zealous informers have driven gambling far underground. The U.S.S.R., on the other hand, permits horse betting and has recently started an ambitious state lottery. All in all, \$8.40 is waged yearly for every man, woman and child in the world.

The survey pointed up the widespread respectability of gambling in some form or other. Rare is the state which does not tap racing or lotteries for a fat chunk of revenue, rarer still the country which bans local raffles.

To be sure, many legislators and churchmen are outraged by the existence of legal gambling in their dominions. "A squalid raffle!" shouted opponents of Harold Macmillan's lottery bonds—introduced in England in 1956, when the Prime Minister was Chancellor of the Exchequer. By means of "Harold's Little Flutter," Englishmen may buy government bonds that are innocent of interest but return large lottery prizes to a lucky few.

"Moral cynicism!" cried Australian Protestants when a Roman Catholic order announced the other day that it would raffle off a \$425,000 hotel to raise funds for its training college. A Catholic leader spoke of the remarkable number of Protestants observed at Catholic bingo games and suggested that most Protestants did not share their clergy's austere view of gambling. By any yardstick, that \$425,000 is a nice round sum, but perhaps not exceptional in a country whose \$1.42 billion yearly gambling stake is almost half the \$2.98 billion national budget.

Whoever wins that hotel, by the way, is very likely to be an average man, unaccustomed to wealth, who will undergo agonies deciding what to do with it. In a reportedly gentler day the folk heroes of gambling were famed for their shrewdness and impressive behavior—men like Edward Pendleton, the suavely elegant gent who fleeced official Washington in his anti-bellum faro hell, the Hall of the Bleeding Heart.

Nowadays a few pennies staked on a series of numbers or hunches on a week's soccer scores can return staggering amounts to a man whose chief preparation for gambling is a simple yearning to get rich quick. Once quickly rich, he faces a hundred temptations, and not infrequently the

continued

GERMANY'S Willy Strauch won \$339,239 on 50-plenny state lottery ticket. Careful Willy delivered milk for six months after winning, invested in Anchen restaurants and beer halls. He went on wagon "to avoid doing something rash," quashed impulse to see Riviera. He married his fiancée, Kache (right) but hasn't splurged on honeymoon.



FRANCE'S lucky plungers, Marseilles men who deliver coal, celebrate \$100,000 return on a \$5 lottery ticket in festive bistro. Neediest winner was Henri Charrier, who staved off eviction, got first-rate medical cure for daughter who is paralyzed. Left to right: Jules Gavison, Henri Pons, Georges Charrier, Paul Rosso and Henri Charrier.



ITALY'S Florindo Baldini, a taciturn, heavy-set farmer, risked 80¢ to win \$180,000 lottery prize. Only outward sign of new wealth was purchase of \$9.60 second-hand chandelier for his modest house. Baldini continues to till his 15 hectares. Here he contemplates the good life with his ox, Bianca.



ENGLAND'S Thomas Rileys, winners of biggest football pool payoff ever, invested suspense, received nearly \$600,000. Riley, 58, quit mining job in Durham County, bought a four-bedroom house. Elizabeth Riley still does own housework, dotes on four children. She says happily, "I've got all I want."



HOPEFUL PLUNGERS FINGER CHIPS AND CARDS IN BROKE-WREATHED BLACKJACK GAME AT LAS VEGAS, GAMBLING CAPITAL OF U.S.

GLOBAL GAMBLE continued

result is insanity, a broken family or chronic bad nerves.

The winners on page 11 haven't done badly, considering the pitfalls, but it is doubtful whether the gloomy young German who no longer dares

to take a drink has really got his 50 pfennigs' worth.

The respectability enjoyed by some gamblers is not, of course, shared by others, for while a government is paying off one group it is chucking another group into the cooler at the same time. For example, a wager on

colorful his bang, the national lottery, is perfectly legal in Thailand, but playing the numbers game called *so-lark kua rasak* is decidedly not. This ambiguity, which exists virtually everywhere, tends to produce a cynical outlook that is a sore trial to anti-gambling moralists.

Gambling is a great stronghold of superstition, among supposedly sophisticated as well as backward nations, and dreams are everywhere thought to be the key to wealth and ease. Counterparts of the "dream books" so dear to American policy players are widely used abroad. In Italy, the most popular books are the *Cabala* and the *Sworija*. If you dream of white oxen leaping in a field or of kissing your mother, the *Sworija* lays it down that you must play number 8.

Less book-minded, Malaysians often consult magical trees, among other things, and conceive of winning numbers through offerings to the trees accompanied by prayer. The government dynamited one such tree in 1953 because the crowds seeking revelations had become a nuisance.

An example of irrationality tempered with logic occurred at the Monte Carlo Casino a few years ago. An American G.I., having observed that all gamblers are motivated by a desire to win, and that nearly all lose over the long run, applied reverse psychology. He promptly hired an amiable Frenchman at a flat fee, gave him a stake and promised him a bonus if he could lose it all in 30 minutes. The Frenchman could not lose to save his life; in two nights of steady

16 NATIONS ANNUALLY BET \$100 MILLION OR MORE

UNITED STATES

\$15,000,000,000

GREAT BRITAIN

\$1,300,000,000

AUSTRALIA

\$1,400,000,000



Each square represents \$1 billion

BRAZIL

\$180,000,000

GERMANY

\$130,000,000

INDIA

\$380,000,000

JAPAN

\$370,000,000

ARGENTINA

\$270,000,000

FRANCE

\$260,000,000

SPAIN

\$240,000,000

CANADA

\$220,000,000

ITALY

\$170,000,000

SOUTH AFRICA

\$170,000,000

SWEDEN

\$140,000,000

NEW ZEALAND

\$130,000,000

VENEZUELA

\$120,000,000



Each square represents \$100 million

ENGLISH-SPEAKING NATIONS dominate the world gambling sweepstakes. Brazil, a surprising fourth, does virtually all its reliably traceable betting on horse racing. Incalculable millions more go into an illegal numbers game called *bicho*. India's biggest outlay is on a numbers game based on trading figures of the New York Cotton Exchange. Their daily publication in India greatly stimulates newspaper circulation.

endeavor he consistently won, and the G.I. departed with the winnings. This lesson has not been taken to heart by patrons of the Casino, who seem intent on winning as they drop upwards of \$5 million on its tables each year.

The grip of superstition is not unnatural considering the tremendous odds most bettors face, especially in lotteries. Skill is meaningless, and even the most honestly run government lottery rarely returns more than 50% of the intake. West Germany's lottery, *Zahlenlotto*, claims 50% for taxes and social services. One consolation is that if you go broke playing *Zahlenlotto* you may have helped pay for the relief handout you now need.

Despite its early history of public lotteries—Manhattan's Columbia University was founded by means of one, and Ben Franklin organized another—the U.S. now officially shuns the lottery, although Representative Paul A. Fino of New York works hard for it in Congress.

This has not interfered noticeably with the U.S. gambling splurge, the world's largest. Americans will bet on anything, but mostly on horse racing. A government source estimates that at least \$4.5 billion is wagered illegally each year. This is in addition to the more than \$2.5 billion sent legally each year through pari-mutuel machines in the 24 states which allow on-course betting at Thoroughbred and harness races. Obviously the states could realize added revenue if that illegal flow could be diverted into legal, taxable channels. Proponents of legal off-track gambling point to England and France for examples of workable systems. In England bookmakers accept wagers on a credit basis and records are kept for government inspection. In France there are off-track pari-mutuel bureaus.

Forces which oppose off-track betting counter with these arguments: any system which might stimulate gambling is to be deplored (the shock generated by the Kefauver investigations and the basketball scandals of the early 1950s is still a deterrent to relaxing standards); bookmaking is in the hands of the criminal element, which would be hard to weed out of any legal off-track system.

In any case, Tallulah Bankhead spoke for most of her countrymen and, indeed, of the world, for better or worse, when she said: "I'm still going to gamble, legally or illegally, and you can quote me."

END

HORSE RACING IS WORLD'S NO. 1 GAMBLE



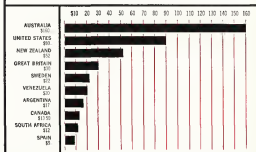
SPORT OF KINGS is king of gambling sports from Hong Kong to Hinkley. Wealthy U.S. shows the way, but action is fast in smaller countries, and the Ceylonese are said to be the keenest racing fans in all of southern Asia. They get down \$2 million yearly.

HOW THE BIG THREE WAGER THEIR BILLIONS



RACE-SETTING NATIONS share a passion for horse racing, but diverge in secondary outlets. Britain's influence is strong in Commonwealth countries, which contribute to the big football pools and support bookmakers who lay odds on English horse races.

AUSSIES ARE HEAVIEST PLUNGERS PER CAPITA



SPORTS-MINDED AUSTRALIA leads the U.S. by a wide margin in per capita betting expenditures, with its down under neighbor New Zealand third. Sweden pops up in fifth place through its devotion to lotteries, horse racing and football pools, all legal.



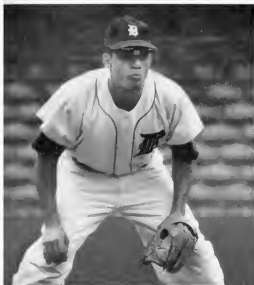
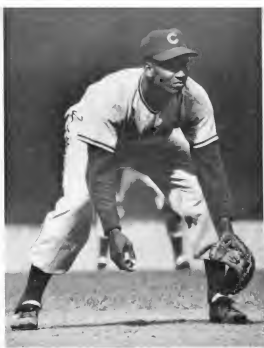
SPECTACLE

Photographed by Richard Meek

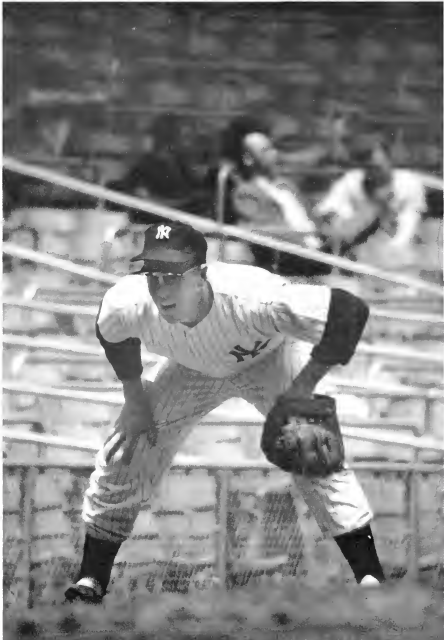
The Moment Before

Moments of great tension in baseball do not always depend upon situations alive with dramatic appeal. With a runner on base there is a moment of tension before every pitch. It is the moment when the pitcher casts that last ominous glare toward first before throwing to the plate; when the runner, a coach at his shoulder, gets set to go; when the first baseman, the umpire an anxious kibitzer at his back, prepares to break to cover the bag or to field the ball. It is a moment repeated a hundred times a day





It is the moment when each fielder, regardless of the individual vagaries of stance, seems to settle into rocklike immobility. This is only an appearance. Inside he has become a cocked trigger, a compressed and tightly coiled spring





Half hidden by the swelling of the mound, the second baseman knows that the moment has come to an end with the sweep of the pitcher's arm. The spell has been broken, the tension released. Now it is time to move

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Plea to the Court

GOLF has been played in this republic for three score and 10 years or so, and it was inevitable that the demand would eventually be presented to the courts: make that handicap committee stop behaving like a pack of idiots.

This was the burden of the plea presented last week to a justice of the New York State Supreme Court by an irate golfer named William W. Wacht, who plays the game at the Pines Ridge Golf Club in Ossining, N.Y. Mr. Wacht's handicap is 29; he has been beseeching the handicap committee at Pines Ridge for a 34. One reason the handicap committee wants to keep Mr. Wacht at 29, it appears, is that Wacht shoots in the 100s most of the year but keys himself up in August tournament play to shoot in the 90s. "Generally, I hit a short and straight ball," explains Golfer Wacht. "In August, when the ground is hard, I get a better roll." But such arguments have had no effect on the handicap committee—causing Wacht to utter the following classic cry: "You have this situation in a lot of golf clubs. You have little Caesars throwing their weight around and members are subject to their whims and caprices. I am a one-man crusade. . . ."

Wacht's contention, of course, was that under the usual rules of golf his handicap should be based on the 10 lowest scores of his last 25 rounds *i.e.*, 34. He prayed the court to step in as a matter of equity and bid the handicapping committee stick to the strict rules of handicapping.

Well, the scene was set for a court decision that might have gone down eventually in constitutional history with *McCullough v. Maryland*. Justice Samuel W. Eager, who lis-

tened for a while to Wacht's plea in State Supreme Court, admitted "playing at golf" himself. Handicap in the low 20s. But justice in the person of Justice Eager was unswerving to take a full swing. Cramping up, the judge told Wacht: "Maybe if I went out and played a game of golf with you, I could straighten this out. It

would be easier than looking up the law."

The judge asked for a week to look up the law, and nobody objected to this—not Mr. Wacht or the Pines Ridge handicap committee. It might have been quite a week. We were looking forward to a decision as much

continued

NEWS ITEM: *Abe Stark wants to bar the small fry from New York race tracks.*



"Hurry home now, before your rumble gets cold."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

as you were. But Mr. Wacht reflected on his course and decided that, after all, there are some things in these busy days you just can't trouble the People about. He withdrew his plea, showing every indication of lodging it again, where such pleas have been lodged for three score and 10 years or so: with the handicap committee.

Jampi-jampi

IN CINCINNATI the other day, a posse of sober and civic-minded citizens hanged Birdie Tebbetts in effigy, and the only protest on record came from one indignant Redleg fan who pointed out to his fellow barflies that the outrage lay in hanging an innocent effigy and not Birdie himself.

In Detroit there was the question of who put the Tiger Balm in Casey Stengel's locker. If there was one thing Detroit fans could count on in these parlous times when all that shiny new chrome was rusting unsold in dealers' lots from coast to coast, it was the fact that the Tigers would beat the Yanks. They'd already done it nine out of 15 times, hadn't they? So how come the Yanks went out to Detroit and plumed the Cats' ears to the wall three times in a row? And why were the loyal fans of the World

Champion Milwaukee Braves suddenly growing cool to their boys?

Witchcraft, wicked witchcraft, that's what it all was, and if you don't believe us, you can go ask Coach Abdulrahman bin Mohammed, mentor of the top schoolboy football team in Malaya's Interscholastic League. Abdul knows all about the kind of fateful cussedness that seemed to be overtaking American baseball. When his championship Paya Bunga club was trounced 2 to 1 by a bunch of rank outsiders from Ladang a couple of weeks ago, he knew just what was wrong. "Jampi-jampi," was the way he explained it. After all, a good football team doesn't go suddenly heavy-footed and start wailing hysterically on the field unless a skillful witch doctor has been working on them.

Just as any good Malayan coach should, Abdulrahman took his boys home after the game and had them thoroughly treated with incense, incantations and a good, reliable potion of herbs. Then he sent out a party to examine the football field. Sure enough, right there in center field and in each corner of the lot they found the buried hexes: three marble chips, some hard-boiled eggs and four lemons, all of which, as everyone knows, carry a pretty potent curse.

Reflected Glory

ATLETES from down under have proved themselves so capable at the British Empire Games in Cardiff, Wales that competitors from other nations, certain of defeat in the contests, have welcomed a chance just to practice with them.

With this thought in mind, a championship swimmer from Pakistan approached a burly Aussie standing



by the Cardiff swimming pool. "We swim a couple of lengths, you and I, please?" he asked politely.

"Why, sure," said the Aussie and dived in.

The informal race that followed was brisk, hotly contested and ended, of course, in an Aussie victory.

"Please," said the defeated Pakistani as he climbed from the pool grinning widely at this taste of reflected glory, "what is your regular distance?"

"Distance?" said the surprised Aussie. "Oh, I have no distance. I'm not a swimmer. I'm a wrestler."

Cagney's Barefoot Horses

WHEN JAMES CAGNEY completes a motion picture (he just finished one in Hollywood and is about to leave for Ireland to make one there), he usually heads across country for his farm in Dutchess County, New York. Once there, he promptly calls his friend, Dr. William H. Dunn, the veterinarian in nearby Sharon, Conn., invites him over for a little horse talk.

Actor Cagney is also a considerable horseman. He has a string of 40 trotters and pacers in California and has just decided to bring a couple of his colts east for the current meeting at Saratoga Raceway.

But when Cagney and Doc Dunn sit down in the kitchen of the farmhouse, the talk invariably turns to

They Said It

TED WILLIAMS, Boston Red Sox outfielder, after \$250 fine by American League President Will Harridge for spitting at a Kansas City crowd: "I'm sorry I did it, and I'm principally sorry I lost the \$250."

WHITEY FORD, New York Yankee left-hander, upon being asked if his delivery was patterned after that of his former teammate Eddie Lopat (Yankee record 113 won, 58 lost): "Naw, Lopat never had half my stuff."

VINIE ALEXIS of Yankees' ticket staff, discussing a steady customer who always demanded two seats in the same reserved section: "These two seats are split by a pole, and I never could understand it. Then I found out that this guy was taking his wife to the game. He put her on one side of the pole and he sat on the other."

BEAR BRYANT, Alabama football coach, as to whether he or his quarterback will call the plays for 1958's new one- or two-point conversion options: "I don't know. It's too important a decision for a mere coach."

Thoroughbreds and the reasons why so many of them develop foot trouble or leg injuries. Doc Dunn, a ruddy, white-haired man in his early 50s, gets so worked up about the subject that he can't sit still. He'll drain a whole cup of coffee at a gulp, call for a cigaret (theoretically he has quit smoking) and start pacing up and down. He strongly suspects that the whole system of training Thoroughbreds may be all wrong. He charges that many a modern Thoroughbred is poorly nourished, underworked, overtired and actually stir-crazy from being cooped up in a stall that is, in the Doc's words, "almost an exact replica of a cell at Sing Sing."

If there's a guest who hasn't heard the Doc's theories, Cagney casts himself as interlocutor. "Now how, Doc," he was saying on such an occasion last week, "can a Thoroughbred be underworked and overtired at the same time?"

"Because, Jim," Dr. Dunn replied, "the horse doesn't get enough slow work in proportion to the sprints and dashes that constitute the usual morning workout at the track. A Thoroughbred should be worked at least two miles, sometimes five miles a day. The trainer should keep his stop watch in his pocket and get an alarm clock and time the horse from



"Don't forget, any number can play that game."

shoeing today. The steel shoe, placed under the wall of the hoof, damages the function of the whole leg. It puts stresses and strains on the structure of a leg that nature never intended it to bear. Hell, the horse wasn't created for the shoe. I think that with a little research—and I'm working night and day on the thing—we could develop an entirely new kind of shoe that would put the horse's weight where it belongs and take up part of the stress on turns. But, meanwhile, I say this to you: rather than have a horse ruined by the type of shoes they're putting on Thoroughbreds today, I'd run 'em barefoot!"

The Doc is doing just that. Well, not at the tracks, but around Cagney's farm right now there are four riding horses, one a retired trotter and two Thoroughbreds belonging to E. Austin Byrne, of Mount Kisco, N.Y. The last pair are Midling, a bay by Djeedah out of Feemidable, and Damat, a big chestnut gelding imported from Italy, by Machero out of Damlis. Dr. Dunn is testing his theories on the two runners, feeding them a high protein diet, giving them plenty of work and the run of the place. When

they arrived from Belmont, they were (Cagney says) like a pair of belligerent drunks, so frustrated, so stir-crazy (Dr. Dunn says) that it took three men to handle one of them. Now Dr. Dunn's 14-year-old daughter Sheila rides them without incident and is even teaching them to take a few jumps. All the horses on the place look happy and relaxed as they frolic in the fields—free of frustrations and as barefoot as the day they were born.

Golf in Darkness

A 41-YEAR-OLD insurance man, Major Charles Boswell, who lost his sight while serving in the infantry in World War II, won the annual championship tournament of the American Blind Golfers Association. Last week over 20 of the best blind golfers of the United States and Canada met at the Warrington Golf and Country Club outside Philadelphia. The winners of regional eliminations, their expenses were paid by the Philco Corporation. Each was accompanied by a coach who lined him up with the ball, placed the head

continued



the moment he leaves the stall until the moment he is put back into it. That's the important time. You train a horse on a daily schedule of sprints and dashes alone and then subject him to the tremendous effort of the home stretch in an actual race, and that horse is going to suffer extreme fatigue."

"And what about the shoes he's wearing, Doc?" said Cagney.

The Doc threw up his hands.

"Jim," he cried, "I'm convinced that there's no such thing as good

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

of the club behind the ball as a player with sight would do in addressing it, and stepped out of the way, leaving the rest to instinct and to form.

At the tee, Boswell's coach, Jug Waldron, his fellow townsman from Birmingham, brought Boswell's driver firmly and delicately to the ball, with a touch that reminded one of billiards. Boswell, a husky fellow who played three years of varsity football at the University of Alabama, shifted his weight lightly from one foot to the other, flexed his shoulders and swung. The ball sailed 200 yards straight and true down the middle of the fairway.

On the greens they played like this: the player stood where he would play his ball, then, guided by his coach, carefully paced the distance to the cup, touched the pin to fix direction in his memory and paced back, the coach placing the putter in his hand and sighting to the cup. Direction was almost always good, distance less so, though Boswell sank one 35-footer.

Moving over the course, the coach held a club under one arm, the player grasping the shaft as a guide. Otherwise, the tournament looked like any other—rigid tournament rules, no concessions, a high competitive spirit, the new Warrington course (opened in June) sweltering beside Neshannony Creek, the gallery differing only in that it was more vocal. A blind golfer knows how he has done only by the feel of the impact. Again and again the ball skimmed the trees like a bird, the player unaware of it until the gallery burst into applause or let out a groan.

Boswell and Waldron have played together for years. Jack Hayes, the famous White Sox second baseman who lost his sight, a relative newcomer who finished eighth, had played with his coach only a few times before the tournament. Blind golfers say that when perfect coordination between coaches and players is worked out, scores in the high 80s will be possible. Boswell, 10 times national blind champion, won with a total of 200 for 36 holes, 28 better than young Joe Lasaro, a Waltham, Mass. electronics worker who has been

giving him tougher competition each year.

Most blind golfers are veterans who learned the game in veterans' hospitals. Some exceptions: Clint Russell, winner of the first blind tournament in 1948, a retired dairyman who made a fortune in the stock market after he retired; Nick Genovese, a Canadian nightclub singer; Ben Pearlman, a former bookie; Robert Allman, a onetime college wrestling star and radio sports commentator. Regardless of age, they all looked young, standing patiently by with serene, unlined features. Blind golf is pure form, and at its best the tournament looked like a demonstration of the mastery of form; the players graceful and unworried, intent on stance, swing and follow-through, as if no distractions whatever could reach out to them from the audit course.

Hornpipe

ANTONY HOPKINS, a 37-year-old Englishman who likes sports cars, is also a composer. Somehow he got the two enthusiasms mixed up in his mind, and the result was a *Concerto for Motor Car and Orchestra* which had its premiere London performance the other evening in Albert Hall. The solo instrument, a 1903 De Dion Bouton touring car heavily festooned with antique automobile horns, was rolled onto the stage. Two English gentlemen and a pretty girl got into

it, the orchestra struck up, and the concerto was on the road.

No backfires, blowouts, skids or engine sounds were called for. The solo part involved merely the old automobile horns, but it called for so many of these that the three passengers had all they could do to squeeze the ancient rubber bulbs on cue. Working busily under the conductor's eye, they got through the first movement—"Ritual Tire Dance"—and so on into the "Carburetor Waltz." When the composition ended, there was actually applause, for the audience was not horrified but pleased. The *Motor Car Concerto* was part of a larger program, a sort of cultural *Hellsinopop* called *Midsummer Madness*, and 7,000 people had showed up for it.

In his more serious moments Composer Hopkins writes more serious music. He also drives his white Jaguar XK150 in sports car races, but he has never won one. In fact, the program notes admitted frankly, "He has baffled the handicappers on several occasions by coming in last no matter how much head start he was given." But as a composer Hopkins was laps ahead of Mozart, who was hampered by the nonexistence of automobiles in the 18th century and could only write music for sleigh bells.

Fencing Fences

BY WAY OF locking the barn door after most of the horses have been stolen, a 10-man committee appointed by Commissioner Ford Frick has announced a change in the rules covering the size of ball parks. Under this directive right and left field fences in all newly constructed big league parks must be at least 325 feet from home plate; the center field fence must be at least 400 feet from home.

Of the 16 big league parks, only six fit these measurements. One of them is Seals Stadium in San Francisco, soon to be abandoned by the Giants for a new park. But if Frick has done nothing else, he has at least made sure that Walter O'Malley will have a properly proportioned outfield in the stadium he may now never get to build in Chavez Ravine.



In the Cards

At poker he wilts
And can't stand the pace;
He always reveals
A flush in his face.

—ROBERT FITCH



Mr. and Mrs. John Shaw of Pound Ridge, New York, are firm believers in elegant simplicity. Their preference in motorcars: The Lincoln Look for its accent on pure line and discreet use of ornamentation. Shown here: the Premiere Landau.

THE JOHN SHAW'S AND THE LINCOLN LOOK



In their charming 193-year-old home, the Shaws prefer the simple, enduring beauty of Early American, much the same as they like the Lincoln's functional, timeless look.

Champion golfer Shaw surrounded by trophies. He likes their rich detail, says it reminds him of the fine quality fittings in his Lincoln Premiere. He's co-founder of the internationally famous East Coast restaurant bearing the family name.



Flying is a sometime activity with John Shaw, but Lincoln is the all-time motorcar for him. The reasons, in Mr. Shaw's words, "The look, the way it handles. Lincoln is a truly great automobile." Don't you agree?

LINCOLN DIVISION, FORD MOTOR COMPANY



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NYC 35536- PHILA 35535- TOLEDO 35531- MIAMI BEACH A-17339-
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PAGING MR. GREY

FRANKIE CARBO, living symbol of all that has been sordid in professional boxing, stands under indictment at long last. A New York grand jury, acting on evidence painstakingly assembled by District Attorney Frank S. Hogan in a four-month investigation, has returned a 10-count true bill charging Carbo with conspiracy, undercover management of fighters and unlicensed matchmaking in bouts that were presented under the official auspices of the International Boxing Club of New York, James D. Norris, former president.

As usual Frankie Carbo is missing. A nationwide alarm (see above) is out for him. According to District Attorney Hogan, he was last seen at Tijuana, Mexico and may still be across the border. On the chance that Carbo would show up at the Joe Brown-Kenny Lane lightweight championship in Houston on July 23, Hogan had men armed with warrants at ringside. If Carbo had appeared, extradition would have been comparatively simple. Bringing him back from Mexico could present a more difficult problem. In the past Carbo has been a hard man to nail and harder to convict: over a lifetime he has served one brief term for manslaughter and

beaten charges ranging through grand larceny, robbery, assault, homicide and murder.

In the 10-count indictment Carbo is accused of acting as both undercover manager and undercover matchmaker in two specific fights. One was the Virgil Atkins-Isaac Logart welterweight match at the Garden last March 21. Carbo is charged (the manager of record denies it) with being the undercover manager of Atkins, now welterweight champion, as well as the illegal matchmaker in a fight supposed to have been match-made by the old IBC.

Is there a sense-making attitude that the general American public can take toward charges and disclosures of this kind?

Well, one familiar attitude, long popular with a generation of sports buffs, is what might be called the boys-will-be-boys attitude, i.e., nothing much can be done about boxing's dirty business and why try? After D.A. Hogan began slapping out subpoenas last March, this attitude was expressed by a veteran commentator as follows: "Most people seem to believe that boxing is as crooked as a snake, and it serves only to deepen suspicion when publicity-thirsting

politicians grab headlines with token 'inquiries' and willowy charges of malfeasance that come to nothing."

If you don't like the boys-will-be-boys approach, you can listen to Judge Samuel H. Hofstadter of the New York Supreme Court, who has lately confronted so much evidence of dirty business in his daily newspaper that he set down the following dictum the other day: "It is high time to consider the abolition of professional prizefighting because of its indecent character."

This magazine proposes—as it has proposed for four years—another kind of approach. We believe that boxing's dirty business must be cleaned up now; a phrase that charter subscribers and others may remember. Cleaned up. Not ignored. Not "solved" by the abolition of boxing.

At week's end Frankie Carbo had not stepped forward, waving his hand in the air for the district attorney and the rest of us to see, and protesting his innocence and willingness to stand trial. When and if he does so, it will be up to a jury to weigh the indictments against him. For now, Americans who care about honest boxing can tip their hats to the D.A. and the New York grand jury.



WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

A RACING ROCKEFELLER

In faded T shirt and dungarees at the helm of his Luders 16, *Golden Arrow*, he could be any summering metropolitan. But he is in fact Nelson Aldrich Rockefeller, diplomat under three presidents, financier, philanthropist and racing sailor since childhood. Now, as a candidate for the Republican gubernatorial nomination in New York he is in a new sort of race, one which he finds "fascinating" but which he forsook last weekend for the old, a brisk sail with two of his five children on Frenchman Bay near

his summer home at Seal Harbor, Maine. In a smoky, 20-knot sou'easter Rockefeller, a remarkably youthful and finely conditioned 50, left little doubt as to his racing form.

Nelson Rockefeller was born on Mount Desert Island, where Seal Harbor is located, and started his racing career in the old Mount Desert Island class. He now sails both the Luders and an International, and it is a rare race day when Mrs. Rockefeller, the former Mary Todhunter Clark, a cousin of Pennsylvania Democratic

Senator Joseph S. Clark Jr., is not a member of the crew. This week Rockefeller is back in that other race, hitting the political hustings, and looking more and more like the man who will meet another formidable sportsman, incumbent Governor Averell Harriman, in the November runoff.

ROWING OUT to sail boat *Golden Arrow* in Seal Harbor, Rockefeller chins with son Rodman (Dartmouth '54) while Steven (Princeton '58) lounges in the bow.



REACHING DOWN Frenchman Bay with Steven at the tiller and Red kibitzing, Nelson Rockefeller gets ready to set unstopped spinnaker.

Photographs by Richard Meek

♦ FULL AND BY with Racing Candidate Nelson Rockefeller setting the course, the *Golden Arrow* burns her rail and throws chill Maine water.



THE GREAT HULA-HOOPLA

Satellites swirl around practically every torso in southern California these days as the latest gadget to take the nation by storm sweeps into orbit.

Known officially as the Hula-Hoop and perpetrated by the same enterprising outfit that filled the skies with flying Frisbees a year or two ago, the new craze, which is already marching eastward, combines the staid virtues of an old Victorian toy with the uninhibited abandon of a native belly dance—and all in the cause of keeping fit.

At West Coast cocktail parties and church socials, on benches and in backyards, the hoops are flying in graceful swoops around waists that may measure anywhere from 14 to 64 inches as tots and teen-agers, matrons and magnates all seek to get into the swing.

At \$1.98 per, the plastic hoops, according to local storekeepers, are already outselling even Marilyn Monroe calendars at their peak. The supply is still hopelessly below the demand, although you can get one for 98¢ with the purchase of 10 gallons of gas at some service stations.

Girls, they say, make better hoopsters than boys. We're no experts, of course, but with these pictures as guides, we'd say the girls are doing fine. Hoops, anyone?



SUPPLE 7-YEAR-OLD FRANCIE WILSON DEMONSTRATES A TRICKY

FRANCIE TRIES A SKIP-ROPE VARIATION



VACATIONING PARENTS AND THEIR CHILDREN FROM LOS ANGELES FIND CATALINA





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ISLAND A PERFECT SPOT TO RELAX IN RURAL PEACE AND QUIET INTERRUPTED ONLY BY THE SWDOOSH OF WHIRLING HULA-HOOPS



The Magic of Nantucket

Its very name means "faraway," and even in the missile age the historic island, long a famous resort, still imparts an away-from-it-all feeling

by GERALD HOLLAND

with photographs by Toni Prissell

*If once you have slept on an island,
You'll never be quite the same;
You may look as you looked the day
before*

*And go by the same old name,
You may hustle about in street and
shop,*

*You may sit at home and sew,
But you'll see blue water and wheel-
ing gulls*

Wherever your feet may go . . .

—RACHEL FIELD
(*Tariff and Teedstools, Doubleday*)

THERE IS INDEED something special about islands, and none is more special than Nantucket, a sort of supersandbar that lies off the coast of Massachusetts, 25 miles due south of Cape Cod. From the air it looks like a large loin lamb chop. But it is large only when compared to lamb chops. Actually, it is less than 15 miles long and four miles across at the widest point. Its dimensions are not precisely constant, for it is a plaything of the sea. Right now the Atlantic is eating away at Smith's Point

at the western tip, but at the same time it is building up the beach at Tom Nevers Head near the eastern end of the South Shore.

Nantucket is the best-known small island in the world. In the heyday of the whaling ships its fame was spread across the seven seas. Natives of distant lands who had never heard of Paris, London and New York knew about Nantucket. Before and since the whalers it has been the landfall for westbound Atlantic shipping, and today its name is bandied about the skies as a key point in the regulation of transoceanic aerial traffic.

Nantucket is an Indian name which translates as "faraway island." It was a good name for it when only Indians lived there, and it still is. Few places can impart the faraway feeling as Nantucket does—even today when excellent commercial airline service (about 20 flights in and out daily during the summer) has brought it within little more than an hour from New York and less than an hour from

Boston. In a secluded spot on the magnificent beach at Siasconset (for instance), looking out to Spain over 3,000 miles of unbroken ocean, a man is about as far away as he may hope to get from things in this shrunken world. Make it nighttime, make it clear, make it silent except for the pounding surf, and the world seems well lost. Ralph Waldo Emerson found that such a Nantucket setting made him feel "that all imaginable good shall yet be realized."

Compared to lush Martha's Vineyard, its neighbor to the west, Nantucket is sparse. Aside from a comparatively few trees worthy of the name that have been made to flourish in the settled communities, the thin, sandy soil sprouts mostly scrub oak and dwarf pine. But the island is a paradise of flowers—white daisies in the spring, a riot of wild red roses in the summer, along with the broom and the heather that gives the moors the look of old Scotland. The colors (and the delicate fragrances) change subtly with the seasons: there are the greens, pinks, reds, whites and lavenders of summer; the over-all reddening of the bayberry, huckleberry and deerberry bushes in the fall; the golden brown of the grasses in early winter and, at last, the bleak, gaunt look of January, February and March that makes it clear why oldtime mariners called the island "The Little Gray Lady of the Sea."

But let a fact be quickly faced. Nantucket is not for everyone. The little gray lady is a creature of moods. Anybody can love her when the air is clear and the skies are blue by day and starry by night and the planes are flying and the steamers are docking on schedule. But let the rains come and the fog close in. Then the little lady tests the mettle. Some people develop a kind of claustrophobia known as island fever. While the true island-lover welcomes the respite from sunshine as an interlude (not without its own special charm) in which to catch up on reading, bridge or conversation, others show signs of

continued

SHELLS from world's oceans

grace Nantucket home of

Mrs. James M. Mellon





◀ **LANDSCAPE** of 'Seonae' is typified by Sankaty Head Light dominating golf club of the same name.

"**SOUR HOUR**" is meeting time for Lee Niedringhaus and sister Carolyn of St. Louis (seated), Sandra Stevns and Peter Hallowell.

SEASCAPE of the island shows sandy shore, Brant Point and Flying Dutchmen sailing past the starting line.



CLIFF SIDE BEACH CLUB is dotted with bright umbrellas beneath the weather-grayed shingles of Nantucket homes, looking seaward from The Cliff.





ART STUDENTS of Peter Kerr's school sit absorbed before their subject, the vertebra of a whale.



SURF CASTER Bill Hutton, a summer Nantucket-er, takes reel and reel to Smith's Point.

"PINK HEAP" is Jack Gifford's version of the island's favorite transport, the beach buggy.



cracking up. Tallulah Bankhead, for instance, trapped for three days on the island by rain and mist, is quoted as having proposed a startling (and thoroughly impractical) scheme for relocating the island at the busy port of Woods Hole, Massachusetts, a famous mainland summer resort where the Nantucket steamers connect with trains for New York and Boston.

The whole truth is that Nantucket has near-perfect weather from May through October, and the two months after Labor Day are the favorites of those who come to the island every year. But, for some reason, Nantucket has always taken an affectionate kidding about weather and other things. When Herman Melville was writing *Moby Dick* more than a hundred years ago, he could not resist putting in a passage that might serve as a model for a Bob Hope monologue.

"Nantucket!" wrote Melville. "Look at it—a mere hillock, an elbow of sand; all beach, without a background. There is more sand there than you would use in 20 years as a substitute for blotting paper. Some gamesome wights will tell you that they have to plant weeds there; that they don't grow naturally; that they import Canada thistles; that they have to seed beyond seas for a spile to stop a leak in an oil cask; that pieces of wood in Nantucket are carried about like bits of the true cross in Rome; that people there plant toadstools before their houses, to get under the shade in summertime; that one blade of grass makes an oasis, three blades in a day's walk a prairie; that they wear quicksand shoes, something like Laplander snowshoes; that they are so shut up, belted about, every way inclosed, surrounded, and made an utter island of by the ocean, that to their very chairs and tables small clams will sometimes be found adhering, as to the backs of sea turtles. But these extravaganzas only show that Nantucket is no Illinois."

On Nantucket (as on Martha's Vineyard) there are only two kinds of people— Islanders and off-Islanders. An off-islander can never become an Islander. He can become a summer resident or, if he spends 12 months a year on the island, he may call himself "a summer-winter." That's the best he can ever do—and there is a joke about that:

One time, years ago, an infant was

carried ashore at Nantucket on a pillow. The baby was two weeks old. His parents decided to settle permanently, and the child grew up and went to school and on to high school and then into business. He became an outstanding citizen. He was active in civic affairs and in church work. As he prospered, he gave generously to all local charities and was on every committee that anybody could think up. He had a long and fruitful life and he lived to be 96 years of age. The church was filled for the funeral service and when the preacher got up to deliver the eulogy, he began by saying, "Brethren, we are gathered here today to pay our last respects to a beloved stranger."

Something that an authentic stranger should get into his head right away is that when you say "Nantucket" on the island, you mean the town of Nantucket. And you don't say "Siasconset" but "Seconset" when referring to the second largest community. "Seconset" people (as well as those of smaller communities like Madaket, Surfside, Polpis and Wauwinet) speak of "going into Nantucket" to shop, and many go for no other reason.

THE QUAKER INFLUENCE

Nantucket celebrates its 300th anniversary next year, and a great deal of its history can be absorbed by just wandering around the beautifully preserved old town. Nine-tenths of the island was purchased in 1659 from Thomas Mayhew (who also owned Martha's Vineyard at the time) by a syndicate of Massachusetts colonists whose names live on in the present-day Coffins, Folgers (Benjamin Franklin's mother was a Nantucket-born Folger), Starbuckes, Macys (one of whom started a department store in New York and didn't tell Gimbels), Gardners, Colemans, Husseys, Worths—among others. These first settlers (who gave Mayhew £30 and two beaver hats for Nantucket) came to raise sheep on the moorlands, which were ideal for that purpose. Some were Quakers, and later most of the population was converted. The Quaker austerity of the early settlers is reflected in the island architecture, which was frozen, so to speak, by the eventual passing of the prosperous whaling era. With the discovery of petroleum, Nantucket went broke just in time to escape the gingerbread horrors of the Victorian period.

As a summer resort, Nantucket has

long had a special appeal for Middle Westerners. Breckinridge Long, an Assistant Secretary of State under President Wilson, spearheaded a large colony from St. Louis. Mr. and Mrs. Gwynne Evans of that city live in a famous island showplace, one of "The Three Bricks," the Main Street mansions built by a prosperous whaling man for his three sons. There is also heavy representation from Illinois, Michigan and Ohio. The majority of regulars come from New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Jersey.

Just about anybody and everybody is likely to show up (or at least put into the harbor) before Labor Day. For instance, the other day, Jan de Hartog, author of *The Fourposter*, *The Distant Shore* and other plays and books, suddenly showed up aboard his 50-foot sailboat, a converted Dutch freighter. Next week, Dr. Paul Dudley White, President Eisenhower's heart specialist, will bring in a party of 20 that will include some of his medical colleagues and a few university professors. All are members of Dr. White's Safe Bicycling Committee, which will pedal seven miles from Nantucket town to Siasconset for lunch and a symposium on how to best spread the cycling gospel. Dr. White feels that cycling is the ideal exercise and regards Nantucket as a first-rate place for a cycling vacation.

Ben Lillie may turn up any day; she did last year. U.S. Senators Stuart Symington of Missouri and Mike Monroney of Oklahoma are regular summer visitors. The Gilbroth family of the best-selling book and hit movie *Cheaper by the Dozen* will be on hand as usual: Bob and his wife Barbara, operating the Anchor Inn (Frank wrote about their adventures as innkeepers in his book, *Inside Nantucket*); and Dan, living at "The Shoe," the family cottage that features two authentic old lighthouses on the property. Mrs. Robert Benchley, widow of the humorist (a dedicated Nantucket man), and her sons Robert and Nathaniel and their families will again be summering in Siasconset.

Once given a good exposure to the island, a man is usually happily hooked for life. Jules Thebaud, who looks out on a magnificent water view from his house on The Cliff, was asked the other day how long he had been coming to Nantucket. "Fifty-four years," replied Mr. Thebaud promptly—which means that he has not missed a year since he was born.

continued

What brings people back year after year? Well, Nantucket is set down in waters as fine for sailing as may be found anywhere. It has superb beaches; it is, in fact, one big beach with moors in the center. The fishing is superb, with emphasis on the blues and stripers; surfcasting is a highly developed art, with women as active as men and a half dozen long-time summer residents so dedicated to the sport that they have installed two-way radios in their beach buggies to share hot information.

There is a fantastic amount of things to do on the island for those with the get-up-and-go. People on Nantucket swim and sail, search the beaches for seashells and driftwood, ride horseback, picnic, paint pictures, snap pictures, hike, bike, play golf, play tennis, play a highly scientific game of croquet, watch birds, band birds, take historical tours or browse in excellent museums and libraries. In the evenings there are movies at the Casino at Siasconset and at the Dreamland in town, as well as legitimate plays by a stock company at the Straight Wharf Playhouse. Sometimes there is a block party or an impromptu community sing on Main Street.

There is an abundance of excellent inns and guest houses. The food is uncommonly good almost everywhere and the best-known eating places include The Inn and The Chanticleer

at Siasconset, the Nobadeer at the airport, and The Ropewalk, Opera House, Mad Hatter, Harbor House, the Upper Deck, Ship's Inn, White Elephant, One Pleasant Street and others in town. Down at the wharves there are The Skipper, The Boat House, Allen's, The Blacksmith Shop and a place (Rainbow Foods) that specializes in putting up box lunches. Some eating places feature entertainment, usually guitar or piano.

It is possible to spend a great deal of money for food and lodging and it is also possible to spend comparatively little. The chamber of commerce mails out booklets on inns and eating places, and one of the two newspapers, the *Town Crier* (a postwar competitor of the celebrated *Inquirer and Mirror*), publishes a useful booklet called *Nantucket Holidays*, which is crammed with information about the places to stay and to eat. For those who arrive without reservations (a procedure not recommended during the season), there is an Information Bureau which can almost always come up with accommodations.

The activities of people who own summer houses (or rent them regularly) center around the Yacht Club and Cliff Side Beach Club in Nantucket town and at the Sankaty Head Beach Club and the Sankaty Head Golf Club (see cover) at Siasconset. The Casino in Siasconset is given over largely to the youngsters of the island, but parents take it over for a dance

or a town meeting now and then. Add it all up and the conclusion is that most people are having fun.

Having fun or not, there may be as many as 25,000 persons on the island at the peak of the season (the winter population is under 4,000), and the easygoing islanders have to adapt themselves to a whole new way of life for eight busy weeks. The busier the better for those who must earn a year's livelihood in this brief period, but the frantic prosperity sometimes gets a little out of hand. This situation finally caused the chamber of commerce to issue a Declaration of Courtesy and Consideration in leaflet form. The Declaration calls attention to the fact that the curfew is rung by the Lisbon Bell in the South Church Tower at 9 p.m. as a gentle reminder that Nantucket appreciates quiet in the late evening hours. Another item in this manifesto states that "tradition frowns on . . . unduly exposing attire, Bermuda shorts and sport shirts are quite acceptable." So far, the excursionists have taken the hint about the Bermuda shorts, but many of them carry on far into the night as before.

A SEASIDE JEWEL

Out in 'Seonset, there is none of that. The busloads of "trippers" and the cycling excursionists come to inspect the village, of course, but there is no night life to detain them. There are a grocery store, a post office, the "Book Store," which is also a soda fountain, and there is a town pump. An idea of how life is paced in 'Seonset is suggested by a sign in the grocery store window that reads: "Haircuts at Albert Egan's Cellar Tuesday Nights at 7:30."

'Seonset is a seaside jewel with its profusion of flowers, its magnificent gardens, its winding roads and lanes and the Atlantic Ocean in all its moods and majesty. A distinctive architecture dates back to the days of the Quaker pioneers who discovered that there was an abundance of cod-fish offshore. They came out from the town to fish and, since it was a considerable journey in those days, soon began to build fishing shacks. Later, the wives of the fishermen decided to come along and make it a weekend. They contributed their touch to the shacks, with their sharply pitched roofs that almost came down to the ground, and from this casual beginning emerged the "'Seonset cottage," which may be seen in its pristine form



ALL BEACH AND MOORS Historic Nantucket is set down in sailing waters as fine as any in the world. Map shows principal communities of summer residents, who are concentrated in the greatest numbers in Nantucket town and at 'Seonset to the east.

at Codfish Park at the foot of the bluff, and in its refined state, with roses tumbling down the roads, all around the village and notably at The Inn, which has more than a score of them around its main building and Moby Dick, its celebrated bar.

At the turn of the century 'Seonset was discovered by theater people and soon blossomed into an actors' summer colony which eventually attracted all the brightest names on Broadway. The village went through another phase when Frederick Howe, founder of The Inn (now operated by Clem Reynolds, who formerly managed the Cat Cay Club and the Augusta National Golf Club), assembled some of the more advanced thinkers of the 1920s—Walter Lippmann was one—for 'Seonset summers. Their talk was as deep as the ocean at the door.

Today's residents of 'Seonset prefer to leave their deep thinking behind them on the mainland and concentrate on such urgent local matters as the improvement of the fairways out at the Sankaty Head Golf Club which deteriorated during the last war. There is an ambitious program of rehabilitation under way at that scenic course, and each of the 18 holes bears the name of a donor (or donors) who has contributed toward its restoration under the direction of Greenskeeper Sam Swayze. Donors include David Gray, whose father, one of Henry Ford's original associates, donated the land for the course with the stipulation that it be used for golf and no other purpose. Others are such longtime Nantucketers as David Lilly, Wynn Perdue, Donald Hardenbrook, Lewis Greenleaf, William Hutton, Roy E. Larsen, John Lucas, James Fleming, John Chapman, William Ritchie, Louis Krauthoff, Whiting Willauer, Bert Pannell, the late Allan Melhado, one "syndicate" and two grouches named "Meetly C" and "Wesco."

It is the ambition of these donors to make Sankaty Head one of the finest courses on the eastern seaboard. With its gently rolling moors and the Atlantic Ocean as a backdrop, it has not too far to go. Of course, Sankaty Head will never be able to do anything about one of its natural hazards: the fog which rolls in off the sea on some late afternoons just to remind golfers and people all over Nantucket that they are on an island and, as the Indians were saying in the first place, far away—so wonderfully far away.

END

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CHARLES GOREN / Cards

The masters go psyching in Florida

IN MIAMI BEACH this week some 2,000 of the country's top players are battling their opponents—and, in the natural course of bridge events, their partners, too—for trophies representing the American Contract Bridge League's top awards. Included among these are the famous gold cup, the trophy emblematic of the Masters' Pair Championship which donor Waldemar von Zedtwitz had to buy twice within five years, and the Spingold Cup once known as the World Championship Team trophy. That was in the palmy days of the '30s and '40s when the top American team automatically, if arrogantly, claimed to be the world's best—and readily made good that boast whenever they were challenged to do so.

Today, after four straight shellackings at the hands of Europe's champions, the question has been raised whether the United States champions should automatically qualify to meet Europe's top team without having first eliminated possible challengers from other nations in the Western Hemisphere. This Davis Cup type of none competition is a matter which may come up for discussion in Oslo, from where I will be reporting the European Championship later this month.

Meanwhile, the Masters' Knockout team title this year will not automatically qualify its winners as our World Championship representatives unless it is captured by the same team that won the Vanderbilt—the team-of-four competition with which the Masters' has always shared top prestige. But Harry Flabbein, Sam Fry Jr., Lee Hazen, Len Harmon and Ivar Stalgold were in the nature of surprise victors in the Vanderbilt (SI, April 7); it would be somewhat of an upset if they won the Masters' as well. Should they fail to do so, they will meet the team that wins the Masters' in a playoff match late in October; the victors in that match will represent us in the 1959 World Championship, which will be played in the U.S.

Miami will see another departure from precedent with last year's winners split into two different teams. The schism, foreshadowed by events at Como where our stars failed to shine, ends a brief honeymoon. Last year, when most frequent Masters' title-winner Howard Schenken switched from their team to mine, Messrs. B. Jay Becker, John R. Crawford, George Rapee and Sidney Skolodor added the well-practiced partnership of Alvin Roth and Tobias Stone. This week Roth and Stone will team with Victor Mitchell and Ira Rubin. In their place the main body of the defenders recruited only one player, Norman Kay, the young Merchantville, N.J. star who has

been one of the mainstays of the Edgar Kaplan team.

Systemwise, both the new lineups are more nearly homogeneous. Roth and Stone have their own bidding method—notably more successful in match point than in rubber bridge or total-point team play; and the style of Mitchell and Rubin closely parallels their own.

One of the features of the Roth-Stone system is the "protected" psychic which permits a player to open on a very weak hand without getting into partner-created trouble. Experts seldom use psychic bids in total-point play, and Roth cites the following hand as the only psychic he and Stone employed during the entire 1957 Knockout event. This one, however, helped to defeat Oswald Jacoby's team, which finished second last year.

North-South vulnerable
East dealer

NORTH



WEST



EAST



SOUTH

EAST	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
1 ♠	1 NO TRUMP	PASS	3 ♠
PASS	3 ♠	PASS	3 NO TRUMP
PASS	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: heart deuce

The six points in high cards in East's hand made Roth's opening one-heart bid a maximum-strength psychic. South's one no-trump overall was normal, and West's pass on his strong hand was part of the pattern of protecting the possible psychic. Thereafter, over-optimism on North's part was responsible for getting his side to three no trump. But get there they did, and the fact is that South would have made the contract against any lead except the one indicated by East's psychic bid—the low heart.

Roth won the trick with the heart king and fired a club through South's ace-queen. The finesse lost to West's king, a club return knocked out the ace, and when South attempted to establish the spades, West ran in with the ace and cashed three more clubs and the ace of hearts, putting the contract down two.

But even the protected psychic can mislead your partner, as evidenced by this hand, which helped H. Sanford Brown and Martin J. Cohn capture the Life Masters' Pair title they are defending in Miami.

Neither side vulnerable
East dealer

NORTH

WEST **EAST**

SOUTH

EAST	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
1♠	DOUBLE	PASS	1ND TRUMP
PASS	2 NO TRUMP	PASS	PASS
PASS			

Opening lead: spade 10

The pattern of the bidding was much the same as in the deal previously described because East and West were playing the "Roth-Stone" system. West passed to protect his partner's possible psychic opening bid. Brown's one no-trump response with the North hand and Cohn's jump to three no trump on the solid club suit helped to convince West that his partner had psyched, so North-South stole the contract without even being doubled.

Aided by the spade opening, North took seven tricks for a loss of only 100 points and a top score. At most other tables East and West were in game at spades or

hearts, and even those optimists who bid a slam made it with the aid of a couple of successful finesses.

A while earlier I mentioned that Waldemar von Zedtwitz had to buy two gold cups within five years. Actually it was the same cup. It seemed unlikely, when the Masters' Pair event was inaugurated in 1930, that any player would win it three times. So the fabulously expensive trophy was put into competition with the understanding that a player who won it three times gained permanent possession. In the first four years it was won twice by Howard Schenken playing with David Bruce. In 1934, with the price of gold boosted to \$35 an ounce, Schenken and Bruce split up so as to double their chances. Each chose as his partner a fellow member of the famous Four Aces team. Bruce played with Jacoby; Schenken won it with Richard L. Frey.

The following year Schenken returned it to play—but not before Von Zedtwitz had ransomed it for a figure that represented a reasonable compromise of its true value. At any rate, the permanent possession angle was withdrawn. Schenken twice won it again, and his five victories are tops for the event, but no one will ever gain more than a one-year "lease" on the gold cup.

By 1954 the field of masters had grown so wide that the Masters' Pair event was divided into two flights. Last year's running of the second flight resulted in a tie for the R. L. Miles trophy between Harold Solof-Arnold Levine of Pittsburgh and Floridians from Coral Gables and Jacksonville, William T. Dean-Daniel J. Conroy.

The woods are full of record claimants for the "youngest-ever-to-win-a-title," but Conroy set one at the opposite end of the scale when he won this national event at age 75.

One record which the ladies may set this week, however, is open to Mrs. Margaret Wagar of Atlanta and Mrs. Kay Rhodes of New York, defending champions in the Women's Pair event. In 1943 Mrs. Edith Kemp of Miami and Mrs. Mae Rosen of New York performed the unprecedented feat of winning this event three years in a row. Last year that amazing record was equaled by Mrs. Wagar and Mrs. Rhodes.

Another record—one of my own—is in danger in the Mixed Team championship, which I have been fortunate enough to win more often than any other player. But my six-time record is pressed by three of the members of the defending champions team, Mrs. Edith Kemp, John R. Crawford and Harry Harkavy. Their victory last year, with Gloria Turner and Milton Q. Ellenby, put them in a tie with Mrs. Helen Sobel for the runner-up spot with five wins each.

At any rate, records are bound to fall in the huge Convention Hall at the sumptuous Americans Hotel this week. You'll have my full report a little later in the month.

EXTRA TRICK

I am frequently asked, "What about psychic bids?" Except in a few clubs, like England's Portland, there is no rule against them. But purely from the viewpoint of their effectiveness, psychic bids should be employed sparingly, if at all. Their chief effectiveness comes, not on the hand where you have psyched but on the hands where the opponents think you might have. The player who never psychs is like the batter who never hunts; he loses a lot of hits because the opponents can afford to lay back whenever he comes to bat.

Right is might

Lightweight Champion

Joe Brown retains crown despite leftish plot

THE PREJUDICE against southpaws, held so firmly by prizefighters of orthodox right-handed style, is a sound indication that all is not rotten in boxing. Any boxer of strict upbringing follows a moral code handed down from Jim Figg and written on the tablets of Pierce Egan. The code commands that a jab be delivered with the left hand and a

Joe took a vow the other night after engaging southpaw Kenny Lane in a title defense witnessed by 11,500 sporting sinners, 10,994 of whom paid \$69,203.50 in second cash to lick their lips at a spectacle that, in all truth, was exciting. The gate was a record sum for Houston, which segregates the toilets of white and colored but ignores the southpaw problem.

Joe's vow was brief and sincere. "No more southpaws for me," he said, holding up his left glove in forgivable confusion.

It is believed here that his regeneration is now solidly established and

The experience must have left a bad taste in Brown's mouth because he began immediately to talk of taking on welterweights in his next crusade. As for Lane, he howled that he had been robbed. His part-time manager, Jack Kearns, did not quite make this claim, holding only that he had given the fighter the bad advice to coast through the 15th round and thus cost his boy the fight. Later he confessed under torture that it is better for a manager to take the blame for a lost fight than let his fighter's reputation suffer.

A couple of nights later at Los Angeles, the Rademacher-Zora Folley fight was not so inspiring as the Brown-Lane affair, although again good style and good punching came through. Zora Folley had the style. The Veep was tense, awkward and feeblest.

He was either trying to counter-punch a counterpuncher or he was remembering those seven knockdowns at Seattle and scheming to avoid a repetition by changing his style—as awkward word in this connotation. Folley promptly turned stalker, which is against his nature, and knocked Rademacher down four times in four rounds. Rademacher now has an EKA (earned knockdown average) of 5.5 in two fights, and the International Boxing Club is asking waivers on him.

There are a couple of television fights coming up which will be worth watching for essentially the same reason. They will present promising newcomers against old hands on the TV screen. At Chicago Stadium on August 6 (a Wednesday) Sonny Liston, whose maiden TV appearance last May resulted in a knockout of Julio Mederos, as anticipated, will take on the much-tougher Wayne Betha, who this year has won over Young Jack Johnson and lost to Nino Valdes. A couple of nights later (Friday, August 8) unbeaten but nationally invisible Gene Armstrong will fight none other than Rory Calhoun, an enormous step up in class for Armstrong, even though his 14-fight streak includes victories over Charley Joseph, Rudy Sawyer and Randy Sandy. Boxer Armstrong has only one TKO victory on his record and will be up against one of the heavier punchers so that it seems sensible to pick Calhoun. Glancing at the other side of the coin, we will choose newcomer Liston over veteran Betha. **END**



LEFT-HANDED LANE KEEPS IN CLOSE TO GO INSIDE JOE ON RIGHT-HANDED BROWN

cross with the right. Thrown into the intimacy of the ring against a man who perversely jabs with his right and crosses with his left, who sticks his right foot forward when in all decency he should have his left out front, the proper boxer will feel unclean and hate himself in the morning.

Thus we have the judgment of Lightweight Champion Joe Brown, a fellow of good instincts, who says: "They should take all southpaws and drop them in the river."

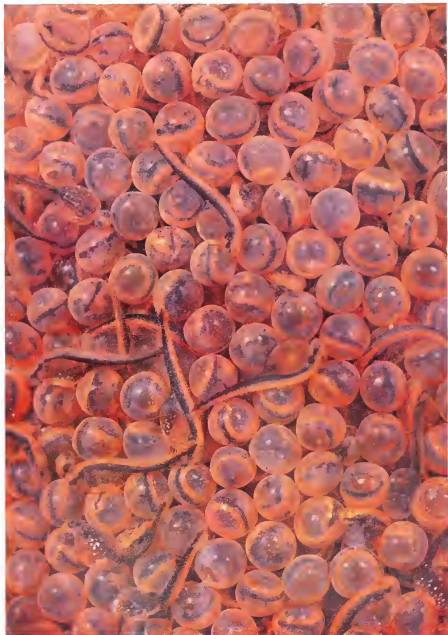
that never again will Joe Brown consent to enter the ring against a southpaw, especially Kenny Lane, unless the price makes it morally right. Lane clunked him good in a very close fight and furthermore understood some of Brown's finer punches with saucy indifference, whamming him back with right hooks and left crosses until you would have thought the forces of righteousness would surely be defeated at this prelude to Armageddon.

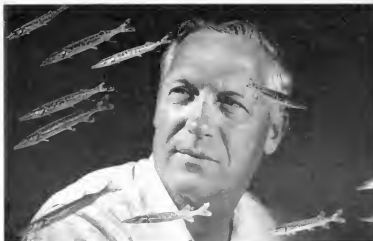
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THROUGH AQUARIUM GLASS MUSKELLUNGE EXPERT RAY NORTON OBSERVES HIS 1986 FINGERLING CROP

NATURE / by Coles Phinney

Loving care for royal eggs

The kingly muskellunge taxes the patience of anglers who try to catch him and of conservationists who try to hatch him

IN THE LAKES of the Midwest and New York, with any sort of luck, a muskellunge hatched from eggs like those shown on the opposite page will live 15 years and in that time come to weigh over 30 pounds. In any water where it prospers the muskellunge is undeniably the king, but a king with an exasperating habit of sulking in his tent. In the curtain of shadows under grass and timber, he will lie still for hours, an ugly pug with a protruding jaw, seemingly sullen and at odds with the world, brutish and indolent as a carp, utterly uninterested in any lure or live bait. Then suddenly the muskie crashes through the curtain into the light, a sleek, moving beauty, so fast its move is hard to see. Many fishermen do not have the patience for muskies, but there are a fair number who are willing to spend

many luckless hours for the spectacular moment.

Such muskie devotees, particularly the 20,000 who every summer fish Lake Chautauqua in western New York, will be cheered by the fact that the muskie eggs shown here (magnified seven times in this picture) are but a few of several million hatched every year by a quiet, dedicated New York State conservationist named Ray Norton. Since most of the hatch is dumped into Lake Chautauqua when they are a scant half inch long, Norton's effort to take the eggs and milt from the muskies he traps seems a waste of time. Under natural conditions, because muskies scatter eggs and milt haphazardly in the shallows, only about 5% of the eggs are fertilized. But mixing the eggs and milt by hand and coddling the fertilized

eggs in laboratory jars, Norton gets a yield of over 60% a year. From each hatch, Norton rears about 10,000 muskie fry through the summer, releasing them as eight-inch fingerlings.

The care and feeding of 10,000 little muskies keeps Norton in a calm but constant state of worry. The growth of muskies is greatly affected by water temperature, and they are finicky feeders. The muskie, by the time it is an inch long, thrives only on the living, moving fry of lesser fish. Thus Norton has the added burden of hatching or catching 20 million trash fish a year. He literally sleeps beside his brood to be sure the muskies do not lack water and to keep them from being molested too much by visiting tourists, raccoons, kingfishers and grackles. His devotion is exceptional, but after 30 years of it, Norton has concluded there is nothing ordinary about muskies or muskie fishermen and an extraordinary effort might as well be made on behalf of both.

ENO

Photograph by William Tombert



tortured?

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HORSE RACING / William Leggett

No light matter

**Poundage was Bold Ruler's
nemesis, but Gallant Man
took a big weight a long way**

WELL, Bold Ruler's critics can now reconvene. Little had been heard from them since the spring of 1957, but his dull race in last Saturday's \$57,000 Brooklyn Handicap at Jamaica was probably enough to flush them out of hiding. As has happened

in 33 starts) Bold Ruler is a mountain climber.

His mission last week was doubly difficult. For one thing he was carrying 136 pounds, and for another he was returning after only a week's rest from hugging 134 in the Monmouth Handicap. He showed the strains of his campaign when the gate opened. Usually he breaks first, but this time he was away third. In the first run past the stands he resembled a carousel horse: his head bobbing up and

STARTS UNDER HEAVY WEIGHTS (130 POUNDS OR OVER) OF 15 FAMOUS HORSES

	130	132	133	134	135	136	137	138	139	140	142	PCT
ASSAULT	5-1			1-1	1-5							100
BOLD RULER	2-2			3-3	3-3	3-1	3-1					82
CITATION	3-0		1-0									90
DEVIL OVER	1-1		3-2		2-2	1-0	1-1					75
DISCOVERY	0-2	1-1	3-3		3-2	1-1		4-0	2-1		1-0	58
EQUIPOISE	0-3		4-1		2-0	1-1						38
EXTERMINATOR	2-4	1-1	0-5	0-3	4-2	0-2		2-1	1-1		1-0	57
MAN O' WAR	0-5	1-1				1-1		1-1				69
SARAZEN	0-3		2-0			1-0						33
SEABISQUIT	0-5		1-0	2-2								67
STYME	1-0		2-1	1-0								39
TOM FOOL	2-2				1-1	1-1						100
WAR ADMIRAL	3-2		1-0									90
WHIRLAWAY	11-7		2-0									54
ZEV	0-2			1-0								20

* Actually finished first in another start under weight but disqualified.

to most of the great weight carriers in history (see chart), the handicapper caught up with him when mere opponents couldn't. Under 136 pounds, he finished next to last in a field of eight, spotting from 22 to 31 pounds, in what was probably his worst race in a lifetime of very good ones.

For those who still adore him—and he received a greater ovation in defeat than Cobos did in victory—there is one historically proved consolation. Weight carriers usually spend a little time in the valley but eventually the great ones get back up the mountain. And on his record (23 wins

down and his legs unable to gain traction. When he finally started at the leaders, Mark Antony and Cobos, near the head of the stretch, the late-running Sharpsburg came to the outside and knocked Bold Ruler sideways. But as Jockey Eddie Arcaro said later, "I knew he wasn't going to get any part of it even before he was hit. He didn't seem himself, his action was funny and awkward. I can't explain what was wrong with him. I guess it was the weight."

Greentree Stables and nearly everyone else had thought Cobos would one day be a good colt. Everyone,

that is, except Cohoes. This was his first stake win in over a year.

Earlier in the week, at Hollywood Park in California, Bold Ruler's old nemesis, Gallant Man, was able to pick up an assigned 132 pounds and run off with the \$107,600 mile-and-five-eighths Sunset Handicap. Not since 1930 had any horse been able to carry over 190 successfully in a race at a distance greater than a mile and a half. The Sunset also ended the continent-spanning foray for Gallant Man, normally one to stay in New York. Within 10 days he won \$161,500, and as his trainer, John Nerud, said, "Californians are constantly being looked down at by the rest of the world. But I'll say this, I've never received a reception like the one those people gave me and my horse. In two races he averaged 46,628 people, and the *Los Angeles Examiner* considered him important enough to assign eight men to cover his every move in our appearance in the West. For 10 days he seemed to make people forget all about Chavez Ravine."

On other frontiers last week the brightest and most talked-of event was William Hartack's victory in his first hurdle race at Moynihan Park. "It was," he claimed, "a greater thrill than winning the Kentucky Derby."

This week racing settles down in that sleepy, verdant retreat named Saratoga. For 24 days the sport makes the solitary move of the New York racing year that is not aimed directly at the cash register. Its purses are minute and attendance and mutual handle are paltry when compared to Jamaica or Arlington or Garden State. It is still able to do noisy things in a quiet way for those people who think Thoroughbred racing is a sport and not merely a crap game played at six furlongs. Both Gallant Man and Bold Ruler have been shipped there, and when they arrive they will find themselves strolling over a bright and green courtyard and looking directly into one another's eyes.

END

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

2—drawings by Ray; 4—Tulane; A.P., 16 & 17—Chicago; Mirror Daily News; 5—A.P.; David K.; Central Press; 10—11—Gannett Pictures; 12—Wired Pictures; 13—Daily News; 14—Telegraph; 15—Howard Sachard; 16—A.P.; 17—H.M. Wright; 18—19—Sport & General; 20—21—Coke; 22—drawings by Ray; 23, 24—Christo; 25, 26—Bridges; 27—now by Wilson; 28—29—Coke; 30—Johns Hopkins; 31—32—Coke; 33—Hilary; 34—35—A.P.; 36—37—A.P.; 38—P.A. System; 39—40—Hilary; 41—Hilary; 42—A.P.; 43—Central Press; 44—Walker Danks.

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Items from a summer notebook

Random thoughts on the new PGA tournament, spectator aids, Peter Thomson, Sam Snead and Cary Grant

ON all counts but one the recently concluded PGA championship, the first conducted as a 72-hole strokes-play event since the tournament was started back in the year of 19 and 16 (as Sam Snead would say), was immensely successful. From the first day on, when some 8,000 spectators poured onto the Llanerch Country Club course on the edge of Philadelphia, the galleries were large—so large, in fact, that the PGA, finding itself deep in the black, increased the total prize money from the original \$30,000 to almost \$40,000. The course, which hardly anyone expected would offer much trouble, provided plenty. Though 50 yards wide as a general rule, the fairways were difficult targets, partially because of the winds and partially because many of the players, with good reason, were trying to place their drives on many holes on the side of the fairway which set up the most favorable (and safest) approach to the dangerously small greens. These greens couldn't have averaged much over 3,000 square feet in area and, dried hard by the winds, they were tough to hit and hold. If you missed them, invariably you were left, not with a simple chip but with a worrisome recovery from a trap at the foot of a quick bank or from the board of rough which fringed the green area tightly, in the style of the USGA and Henry VIII. Not a great championship course, by any means, but a very exacting and touchy proposition, and to play it in consecutive rounds of 67, 72, 70, 67—which the new champion, Dow Finsterwald, did—amounted to control golf of the first order.

Finsterwald's was a very popular victory, for many reasons. Today, when nearly every golf fan is not only a verbal professional-without-

portfolio but also a practicing statistician fit to carry the glove of any baseball announcer, it is probably superfluous to report that over the past 31 months Dow has won only one tournament and finished second in no less than 17. Accordingly, it was heartening to see him finally get the girl in the last reel for a change. In addition, Dow is an extremely appealing fellow, soft-spoken, purposeful and with the gift of remaining quite the same whether he is talking shop with a friend or is surrounded on the course by several thousand admirers. He has a good mind, and a mind of his own. Over the past two seasons, to cite the most obvious illustration of this, he has been criticized for playing too conservatively but has not changed his tactics because he has honestly felt, after thinking it over from all sides, that he does not play tournament golf too conservatively. He believes that it may suit other players with different styles and personalities to gamble more than he does but that it is right for him to eschew the sensational tee shot and the spectacular approach shot to the flag and, instead, to work on keeping his stroke production regular and straight and to zero in on the pin only when his instinct tells him it is the move. It is not a bad way to play pressureful medal golf, particularly if you can count on putting well, which Finsterwald certainly can. A fellow by the name of Locke, who has won four British Opens, has always gone about tournament golf with essentially this method and, when you come right down to it, Hogan, while always dynamically ready to charge, frequently left the passing fireworks to the others and built many of his finest performances (such as at Merion in '50) on serene, sensible,

steady stroke production from tee to green.

However, there was one thing the 1958 PGA Championship lacked, as we noted earlier, and that it did was inevitable: by changing its format to strokes play it seemed like just another weekly circuit tournament (albeit a good one) and not like the PGA Championship. For four decades (including those recent years when the tourney was permitted to disintegrate), this championship was singular and impressive because it marked the one time in the year when the pros met in match play. Over the past weeks many of my colleagues and other golf fans whose involvement in the game goes back a ways have been recalling the numberless dramatic matches they have witnessed in the championship, such as Sarazen versus Hagen in '23, Hagen versus Diegel in '29, Armour versus Sarazen in '30, Runyan versus Wood in '34 and Snead in '38, Shute against Thomson in '36, Nelson versus Snead in '40, Nelson versus Mike Turnesa in '45, Hogan versus Oliver in '46 and Demaret in '48, Jim Turnesa versus Harbert in '52, Middlecoff versus

A REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS

SNEAD VS. NELSON IN THE 1940 FINAL



Burke in '55—to name only a few of the memorable matches which come first to mind. It has been bruited around, not without some design, that one of the reasons why the tournament format had to be changed was that match play is dull for the galleries and strokes play is exciting. This isn't so.

What prompted the change-over in the tournament was the hard economies of the matter: a strokes-play tournament can be counted on to attract larger crowds and return a profit. The chance to see the famous golfers in the flesh is what draws the fans, and in strokes play the presence of the stars is all but assured for the full run of the event, including the Saturday and Sunday when the financial success of a tournament is made or missed. In match play, on the other hand, some name stars will necessarily be eliminated with each ensuing round, and by the time the weekend arrives the real big draws, the incomparable Sam Snead in particular, can have been eliminated. It is not going too far at all to say that having Snead on the premises is in itself enough to insure the success of any tournament. With the one exception of Hogan (who now enters only a handful of events), Snead stands alone in his ability to magnetize a countryside. He is a living legend. People cannot wait to see him. When they do, no matter how high their expectations, they are seldom let down, for he combines all the elements of color. He still possesses the game's most beautiful swing. He is still spectacularly long, and his style of unleashing through the ball makes him seem at least as long as he is. He

carries his feelings so readily on his sleeve that a spectator must share in his fortunes and misfortunes. Above and beyond this, he is just plain endowed with a native magnetism to find the likes of which you must go back to the '20s and to Ruth, Dempsey, Tilden and Hagen. Even when Sam is having a bad day and working hard for a 74, he will still collect and hold on to a larger gallery than is following the front-runner, a not uncolorful gent in his own right who is fashioning a round deep in the 60s. Well—in strokes play, you've got Sam. In match play, especially in this present day and age when there are so many accomplished professionals, he may be gone before the weekend, and then where are you?

Since the new-format PGA tournament got off to such an auspicious start at the gate, there is little question but that it will be a fixture for some time to come. I for one am deeply sorry to see this. I do not know to what extent the operation of the PGA, the national organization, depends on its share of the proceeds from its annual tournament, and this is really the critical point. As regards the rest of the picture, professional golf and professional golfers are prospering financially beyond anyone's fondest dreams, and this being the case, I would think that one week of the year the players and their parent organization, out of sheer pride in the game they have done so much for, would be thinking only of putting on for their own gratification the finest and most enjoyable tournament possible, in which the year's champion at their historic type of competition, match play, would be

determined. I am not at all certain that such an event would lose money, but I have a feeling that it would take all of a morning to find a sponsor delighted to assume the risk and pick up the tab. As I say, this may be impractical because of the degree of real dependence by the PGA on tangible profits from its annual event, but I am prompted to make these suggestions since many of us felt at Llanerch that professional golf had gained a tournament and lost a championship.

The newest wrinkle in spectator aids was unveiled a few weeks back in the Ladies' PGA event in Minneapolis which modestly assumed the name of the Women's American Open. Not only was the relative standing of each player with par—so many strokes over or under for the round—recorded on the usual portable score standards, but each contender was also accompanied by an auxiliary standard which informed the galleries as to the club she had used on her last shot. The mechanics were simple: after each shot, the bearer of one of these auxiliary standards asked the player's caddy what club she had used or found out for himself by looking in the bag. One hitch had to be overcome, though. At the beginning these second standard-bearers were a little overzealous and posted the number of the club even as the player was making her approach or right afterward. This, as you can see, provided very helpful information to her rivals who had driven a bit farther down the fairway and had yet to select the club for their approach. The obvious solu-

continued

PAST IN THE OLD PGA CHAMPIONSHIP

SARAZEN VS. TOM CREEVY, THE SURPRISE WINNER IN 1901 TOURNEY



THE YOUNG SNEAD VS. THE AMAZING RUNYAN IN 1938



tion was to withhold posting any of the clubs until all had played "the like" shot—and with this ironed out, everyone was all for the innovation. It has a future.

Judged primarily on their records in the major championships—in the long run, the surest of all leaders—the five greatest golfers in the dozen-year span since the end of World War II have been Ben Hogan (4 U.S. Opens, 1 British Open, 2 Masters, 2 PGAs), Sam Snead (1 British Open, 3 Masters, 2 PGAs), Cary Middlecoff (2 U.S. Opens, 1 Masters), Bobby Locke of South Africa (4 British Opens) and Peter Thomson of Australia (4 British Opens). With his most recent victory in the British this July, Peter Thomson, who at 28 is by far the youngest of the five, extended what surely must be the most astounding record for consecutive performance ever compiled by any modern golfer in any major championship. It would do, of course, to state that in seven straight British Opens Thomson has never finished lower than second, but to set it out in a chart would be more impressive and that is the least we can do:

Year	Course	Thomson
1952	Lytham	2nd
1953	Carnoustie	tied 2nd
1954	Birkdale	1st
1955	St. Andrews	1st
1956	Hoylake	1st
1957	St. Andrews	2nd
1958	Lytham	1st

If Thomson's status as a truly superb golfer is not generally appreciated in this country, it is for the very good reason that he has never got going in this country in a sensational way. Locke, on the other hand—who can ever forget the commotion which the portly South African with his horse-and-buggy swing stirred up when he came over in 1947 and proceeded to win the Carolinas Open, the Houston Open, the Philadelphia Inquirer Open and the Goodall Round-Robin within the space of five weeks? Locke's invasion startled our supposedly peerless pack as it had never been startled before, and the startled did not exclude the Messrs. Hogan and Demaret, then the leading money-winners, who literally stayed up nights wondering what in the world was happening and what could be done about it. Thomson, in contrast, while a regular collector of revenue

when he plays our circuit, has managed to win only one event over the several years he has been popping in on our tour in between his annual campaigns in his home country, Britain and, occasionally, South Africa. Peter picked a good tournament to win, though—the Texas International Open at Preston Hollow in Dallas in 1956, where first money meant a thumping \$14,000. In our prestige events he has come through with only one very good Masters, a fifth in '57, and only once has he been a factor in



PETER THOMSON AND AN OLD FRIEND

our Open, in 1956 at Oak Hill where he was the leader after 36 holes and wound up fourth, four strokes off Middlecoff's winning score.

Granting that considerable adapting of Thomson's game is called for when he hits American courses, his record here so far certainly doesn't represent the foggiest indication of his talents. There are some explanations. On his first visits, for example, Peter wasn't long enough off the tees by the best American standards. (He has since added all the length he needs.) It has been advanced that his wedge play and his putting, those essentials for scoring on the circuit, aren't quite as sharp as they might be and, conversely, that there is less premium here on long-iron play, his forte, than on British and Australian courses. Thomson himself has been quite disappointed by his inability to get going in our big events. He admits to being bothered by the long waits between shots when the course piles up, but that no more explains

his lack of success to him than it does to others. Nevertheless, he is so solid a technician and so able a competitor that I feel we shall yet see him at his best in our events.

Thomson is one of the most interesting young men in sports today, an extremely well-rounded fellow more than a little reminiscent in this respect of Bob Jones, whom he resembles also in being a national hero and having accomplished so much so young. Aside from nourishing the conventional dream of any red-blooded Australian boy that he would be good enough at cricket one day to represent his country in the international test matches, Thomson's first goal was to be a topnotch chemist. He won three scholarships to technical schools in his native city of Melbourne, studied applied chemistry and worked as a rubber technologist for a large sporting goods concern. Playing golf as an amateur during this period, he found he could stay with the pros in the big tournaments and at 20 decided to turn professional. That was in 1949. Tours through Australia and New Zealand with the much-traveled Norman Von Nida, a golfer of volcanic temperament but a wonderful friend, helped to bring his game along and to give him a world view of golf. He was runner-up to Von Nida in the Australian Open in 1950, won it the next year and was soon embarked on what have come to be annual world tours, moving with the seasons to various countries in which the game's major championships are being played. From the beginning of his peregrinations, the young man has projected a natural and likable self-assurance that is typical of many of his countrymen. In 1954, for illustration, when he was on the verge of winning his first British Open—with the last 18 to go he was tied for the lead and sensed a possible victory—Peter had his wife bring their months-old daughter Deirdre down to the course so that she would be on hand should her old man win.

Intelligent, thoughtful, and with a great capacity for assessing things honestly and presenting them clearly, Thomson is a pleasure to be with and is always worth listening to. His colleagues among the American pros who attended a rules get-together with USGA representatives a while back on the tour continue to speak with unusual admiration when they recall his eloquence that evening, even though they disagreed with some of his points

of view. The American pros who were members of the last Ryder Cup team probably remember with slightly more mixed feelings his straight-from-the-shoulder words to them at the banquet on the eve of their departure for England; Peter advised them that "the British pros are ready for you this time" and that another American victory would be no routine matter. He is, as befits a person on whom Queen Elizabeth conferred the honor of membership in the Order of the British Empire, a most patriotic young man, but he goes about it nicely. He likes to josh his American friends about their lack of knowledge of what is going on in "the outside world," and in this connection I remember with especial pleasure how, at the halfway mark in the 1956 Open at Rochester when he was leading the field and was answering the press corps' many questions, he interrupted the session to ask if there was any news coming through on how Australia was making out in the test matches. "Surely," he said in a mock-serious tone which implied that everyone else was as concerned about the outcome as himself, "surely we can get the results if we call the sports desk of one of the local papers."

Thomson's recent victory at Lytham brought to an end the comparative slump he had been in for a year and a half. His own explanation of why his game had gone off a bit was that his physique had changed—he had grown quite a bit broader through the chest and couldn't take the club back the same way, and was trying to work out a necessary modification of his swing. Apparently he is back on the stick now. No foreigner has managed to win our Open since Ted Ray's triumph in 1930, and to break through is, naturally, Peter's current ambition. So we should be seeing a lot more of him.

In the new Ingrid Bergman-Cary Grant picture, *Indiscreet*, the first 20 minutes or so of the story take place almost entirely within the confines of Miss Bergman's fairly habitable London flat. The scene changes about this time and, after a fast dissolve, Mr. Grant, wearing sort of a porkpie hat, is shown going through passport inspection at a London airport. If, when this new view of Grant flashes on the screen, you suddenly find yourself asking yourself, "Hey, what is Sam Sneed doing there?"—well, then you know you are overgolfed. **END**



PHIL TAYLOR, Victoria Golf Club, Victoria, B.C.

Tip from the Top

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WEDGE SHOTS, whether from hard sand or soft, must not be forced. They must be played with an easy, lazy swing in which the sand is used as a buffer to poof the ball out. And, of course, to get results you must follow through and complete your arc.

If you are in a trap where the sand is reasonably soft, aim to hit a spot about two inches behind the ball. The wedge will do the rest.

If the sand is hard or wet, you cannot hit so far behind the ball, because the packed sand will offer too much resistance and your wedge won't be able to travel through the sand beneath the ball as it must. In these conditions, you should aim at a spot about an inch or so behind the ball. Swing the club a little more upright and use a shorter swing and follow-through. You may have to use a little more power than when you are playing from soft sand but not much more. Keep your swing essentially lazy.

Now, if you have a bad lie, say, a lie in a footprint, you've got to waive the no-power rule and hit this one hard. You aim at a spot just behind the ball, use an upright swing with no pivot and hit forcefully—as if you were trying to bury the clubhead in the sand beneath the ball.



NEXT WEEK: Alex Tibbles on staying behind the ball

Milwaukee's Pal Joey

Joey Jay, first Little Leaguer to make the majors, has pitched the Braves to the league lead

THOSE who spent July climbing a mountain, swimming a channel or simply sleeping in a hammock will note on glancing at the sports page that the Milwaukee Braves, as expected, are at the top of the National League standings. What they will not know is that the only reason the Braves are in first is that a young pitcher, practically lost among names like Spahn, Burdette and Buhl, has been winning games at a regular clip.

His name is Joseph Richard Jay and his wife calls him Joe, but because Joe Jay, when spoken quickly,

sounds like a mispronunciation, or worse yet, a sneeze, folks around the ball park call him Joey. He dislikes the name Joey for he thinks it makes him sound like a small boy, and if there is one thing Joey Jay isn't, it's small. He is 6 feet 4 inches and weighs 230 pounds and, since he is only 22 years old, there is reason to suspect he is still growing. He has bushy black eyebrows and pale green eyes and so resembles Bob Buhl, another and better-known Milwaukee pitcher, that more than once young fans have rushed up to him asking, "Bob, can we have your autograph?"

Joey Jay is the first Little League graduate to play in the majors. He was 12 when the local league was established near his home in Middletown, Connecticut, and he played first base, since in those days 12-year-olds were not allowed to pitch. The following year he moved up to an older league, something comparable, he says, to today's Babe Ruth League. There Joey pitched. He was fast and he was wild. One day he fired a fast ball that clipped a boy in the ribs, breaking several of them. The mother of the injured boy wailed long and loud, insisting that Joey be exiled to right field. But Joey continued to pitch, in high school and in the summer leagues around Hartford, and after a while the major league scouts, like bees after honey, came buzzing around. When he had graduated from high school in 1953, Joey received several bonus offers. The Pirates made a bid. Joe flew to Pittsburgh and had an audience with Branch Rickey. The Dodgers showed interest. The Yankees majestically told Joey, "Sort out your bids. Select the best one, but before you sign, come to us. We'll top it." In the end Joey picked Milwaukee for \$40,000, mostly because his coach in the summer league, John Pollodoro, was a Milwaukee scout. Joey joined the Braves in June 1953 and spent two years doing nothing.

"That was a terrible rule, that bonus rule," says Joey today. "I got none of the experience I needed, and I took up a spot on the roster someone more deserving should have had. And what a drag I was on the club!"

During those first two seasons with the club Joey was regarded by many as plain lazy. Knowing he would not pitch, he trained loosely, drinking Cokes and eating peanuts. His waistline had a tendency to balloon.

Then, after the 1954 season ended, Joey married Lois Bruggen, also of Connecticut. People who know him well say that from then on Joey settled down.

In 1955 Joey was at last eligible for the minor leagues. In Toledo that year and with Wichita and Atlanta in 1956 Joey gathered experience. In 1957, again with Wichita, he won 17 games. More important, he acquired a lot of self-confidence.

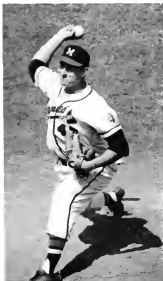
Joey was kept by the Braves this spring, but he saw little action. Then in mid-June Manager Fred Haney, short of pitchers, gave Joey a starting assignment. Joey beat St. Louis 2-0. He lost his next three games simply because the Braves could not get him runs. The scores were 2-1, 3-1 and 1-0. When the Braves finally began producing runs, Joey won five games in 18 days. His brilliant two-hit shutout over St. Louis on July 23 put the Braves back into first place. His earned run average of 1.94 is the best in the league.

"The big difference between the Joey of today and two years ago," says his catcher, Del Crandall, "is that the kid knows himself. He has the confidence to throw his best curve at two balls-a strike." Whitlow Wyatt, the team's pitching coach, adds, "Joey worked hard and kept in excellent condition all spring, even though he wasn't being used. When he finally got the call, he was ready."

Although Joey has established himself as a regular, he and Lois and their infant children—Stephen, age one, and Andrea, one month—plan to continue living for at least another year in their modest, rented home, 20 minutes from County Stadium. They have friendly neighbors (the local merchants have been giving them all sorts of free merchandise), a new car and, best of all, a very rosy future. Indeed, if Joey continues to pitch as he did in July, it will certainly not be long before young fans go rushing up to Bob Buhl and ask him for Joey's autograph.

END

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Antipodean whitewash

In the Empire Games the runners from down under swept everything from the 880 up

OVER the centuries the Welsh have wrought terror in the hearts of Roman, English and French invaders. But two weeks ago, Wales, with her dragons fluttering from every flagpole, warmly welcomed the 27 nations attending the sixth British Empire and Commonwealth Games.

In track and field the athletes from Australia and New Zealand won every title from 880-yards to the marathon. The reasons for the excellence of these men from the Antipodes may be many. Australia has only 10 million people and is passing through the stage of pioneering without too much plenty—confidence without conceit. They are bold enough to cast aside accepted training schedules. Their great runners are not reared in opulence.

Herbert Elliott, the greatest of this new school of runners, can reach down to a seemingly inexhaustible strength founded on an incessant struggle against the Australian terrain. Runners bred on city tracks have no such advantage. Elliott's coach, a gaunt 63-year-old man named Percy Cerutti, with white hair and a prophet's eye, said that civilized living broke him. At 47 he determined to become a boy again and unleash his fettered energy, to swim, run and feel the freedom of the wilderness once more. Now he has established a training camp outside Melbourne, and there his disciples feed on dried fruits and wheat-germ oil and challenge the sand dunes to impede their flying feet. Cerutti is what some might call a man of vision—others a fanatic. Like Franz Stampf, who also coaches many Australian runners, he has the imagination to inspire his protégés to achievements of which they hardly dreamed themselves capable.

Herb Elliott is only 20 years of age. I believe he is greater than John Landy, because his assurance appears almost unshakable and he is a fiercer competitor. Landy was gentle, though he said, "I am vicious underneath." Elliott won a double victory more brilliant than any Landy achieved.

On Tuesday he faced a field of half-milers, two of whom had defeated him after he attempted to lead from the gun in the British championships 10 days previous. Elliott's approach to this second encounter had more than a touch of tactical genius. He allowed himself to be led around a first lap, which was reached in a clogged 58.8 seconds. Just at the bell, before the field realized it, he bounded forward to gain a five-yard lead. The hunt was on, and Hewson chased him to produce the fastest second lap recorded in the history of half-miling (50.2 seconds). But all in vain—Elliott crossed the line a foot ahead. Elliott never makes the same mistake twice, and by his boldness had crushed and demoralized one of his greatest opponents for the mile race four days later.

NINE FOR THE BIG ONE

On the last day of the Games nine runners lined up for the mile final in a fine, driving rain, with a crisp wind blowing across the track. Three of them, Brian Hewson of England, Merv Lincoln of Australia and Elliott, were already four-minute milers, while Gordon Pirie of England, Murray Halberg and Neville Scott of New Zealand and Albert Thomas of Australia had all broken 4:02. It was a great mile field, and there was a record-breaking tension in the crowd.

Even as they lined up, Elliott's superior physique alone marked him as the favorite. When the gun fired he immediately dropped to the back, and it was the tall timberman, Neville Scott, in the all-black New Zealand colors, who led through the quarter-mile in 61.3 seconds. It was only a moderate time, but no one else would



UPSIDE-DOWN Finish for second place in 120-yard hurdles is achieved by Jacobus Swart in outside lane on official photo.

lead. The field was bunched, with three English runners all well-placed immediately behind.

In the next lap Michael Berisford of Scotland moved into second place, while Elliott, barely breathing, glided confidently at his shoulder. Scott passed the half-mile in 2 minutes and 3 seconds, with a lead of three yards.

Six hundred yards from the finish Elliott started his final burst long before the bell and long before his opponents expected it. His belief in himself showed with every stride as he drew away from Scott, with a third lap of 59 seconds. He never slackened, and nose looked like challenging him. Pirie gallantly hung on in third place.

Then like an enchantment, Elliott seemed magically to draw forth his compatriots from the pack. He won by 20 yards in 3:59, the first four-minute mile in Wales. Mervyn Lincoln was second in 4:01.9, while Pirie dropped back 30 yards from the tape to yield third place to Albert Thomas, another Australian.

A second track double was achieved by Dave Power, a 29-year-old bank clerk who won both the six-miles and the marathon. No Australian had previously won either event.

In the six-miles the favorite—British Record Holder Stanley Eldon—dropped back after two miles, killed by his own pace. But Power needed all his efforts to shake off two gallant, though frightened-looking Kenyans,

continued



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ANTIPODEAN WHITEWASH continued

Onceltia and Sum. This pair exploded the theory that colored runners have no stamina. I predict a surge of African long-distance runners within the next few years. Power strode home in 28:47.8, a new Games record.

Five days later Power ran his first marathon—we do not know whether Power commented to his rivals as Zatopek did, "Shouldn't we be going faster than this? I haven't run a marathon before." Power, so innocent of the scourge of this distance, held a lead from 12 miles to the finish. Then, though victorious, he feebly swore never to run a marathon again.

The Games produced three world records. Potgeiter, the South African police inspector who fell at the last hurdle in the final of the 400-meter hurdles at Melbourne, won his event in a time of 49.3, which beat the 440-hurdle record of G. A. Davis, set up at Bakersfield, California in June of this year, by .2 second.

The second world record was set up by Mrs. Fazera in the javelin. Her fourth throw quivered superbly through the sunlight and found its mark almost six feet farther than Mrs. Zatopek's pending world record of 182 feet 10.

The third world record was set by the quartet of English girl sprinters in the 440-yard relay in which, after a false start, they streaked farther ahead of their Australian rivals with each baton change. Their time of 45.3 seconds broke by .3 second the Australian world record.

The strangest incident occurred in the 120-yard high hurdles. Swart of South Africa—chasing Gardner of Jamaica—tripped at the finish and slid toward the line on his back. He was placed sixth. A discussion, which tried the international rules to the utmost, followed—on how much of an athlete's body must cross the finish line. The photofinish was invoked, the previous decision reversed and Swart given second place.

These games started with a ceremony no less moving nor magnificent in its pageantry than that of the Olympic Games themselves. The lone last trailing pigeon symbolized the whole spirit of the affair. When her 2,999 companions fluttered off to polite approval, this late starter drew the same tumultuous applause which was subsequently given to every gallant loser.

ENO

U.S.-RUSSIA TRACK

continued

the two days preceding the meet. But when he entered the clean-swept shotgun ring O'Brien, warming up slowly, put the shot 62 feet 9.56 inches on his fifth attempt, less than six inches short of his world record.

"This was one of the rare occasions during my career in which I was so concerned with my health that I became very nervous," Parry said later in his slightly pedantic style. "However I feel that in the final analysis this became an advantage. I built up a tremendous reserve of nervous energy which I was able to release in one burst."

REMADELED HERO

No Russian shotputter could come close to O'Brien, who incidentally was by far the most popular member of the U.S. track team. Once, on a tour of the Kremlin with Glenn Davis and Rink Babla, he was stopped by a group of Hungarian, Czech and Polish tourists who clustered around him on the steps of the Novo Devichy monastery, calling him by name with obvious admiration. He had innumerable medals, such as all Russians seem to carry with them, pressed on him by admirers.

Harold Connolly, who won the hammer throw with a beautiful loft of 220 feet 8.88 inches, was another proof of U.S. explosiveness. Whirling with tremendous speed in the old body-twisting dance that precedes the release of the hammer, he brought admiring applause from the 60,000-old Muscovites in the 104,000-seat central stadium. On a later throw he slammed the hammer into the ground as he wound up and wincingly made some forceful comment not readily translatable into Russian; but he finished the competition and was apparently unharmed.

The field itself was beautifully manicured, and the meet was well run. This stadium is some two years old and is part of a complex of athletic installations built in the hope of an Olympic Games in Moscow in the near future. It resembles the Rose Bowl in Pasadena very closely—a uniform cement oval of seats with the red track surrounding a clear green center which holds a soccer field.

The Russian equivalent of "on your mark, get set" is "na start razmakhni" (vnee-mah-nye), and the Americans, who worked with the Russian

starter for two days before the meet, had no trouble acclimating themselves to the new words. The gun's report is unfortunately international.

There were not too many surprises in the meet, and maybe the biggest was the performance of the American girls. Led by hefty (220-pound) Earlene Brown, who finished a surprising second in the discus, the girls, most of them from Tennessee State University, showed unexpected strength. Earlene offered her teammates considerable encouragement in the running events. "Little sister, Ah want you to go vee-ooom outa there," she told Lucinda Williams, the No. 2 runner on the U.S. 400-meter relay team. Lucinda went vee-ooom to good advantage, and the U.S. girls won the relay in a new American record time. In the 100 meters came another triumph when Barbara Jones established a margin of inches with an "explosive" spurt over Vera Krepkina.

The remarkable determination of the American team—it was solemnly warned before the meet by Coach George Eastment that "There are international tensions in the world and today is very important"—was best expressed by Rafer Johnson, competing against the Russian decathlon world record holder Vasily Kuznetsov. After the first day, in which he built up a precarious lead, the exhausted Rafer faced a second hard day in which Kuznetsov was favored in three of the five events. "But I'm gonna win," he said. "I got to."

Win he did, and in a manner which brought the Soviet fans (noticeably cool on the occasion of other U.S. victories) to their feet in a roar of enthusiasm. When only nine of the 10 punishing decathlon events were completed, he had set a new world mark; he finished with a record-shattering total of 8,202 points. It was one of the great athletic performances of modern times, and was so recognized by Moscow fans on this gray, watery afternoon.

The final day brought one other pleasant surprise to the U.S.: an upset victory by the Los Angeles housewife, Earlene Brown, in the shotput. But Charley Dumas dismayingly lost the high jump—and perhaps the meet. Then the U.S. lead melted when the long-distance events piled up points for the Russians.

Final score, U.S.S.R. 172, U.S. 170. Our men won 126-109, and our girls were most honorably defeated, 44-63.

END

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BASEBALL POSTER OF THE HIROSHIMA GARP FEATURES OUTFIELDER AND LOCAL HERO FISSER HIRAYAMA OF CALIFORNIA

AN OUTFIELDER FOR HIROSHIMA

Baseball Novelist Mark Harris tells the winning story of Californian Fibber Hirayama, whose dedication to American principles has thoroughly reoriented his Japanese teammates

by MARK HARRIS

*White are the trodden paths
Of baseball,
Among the tall grasses
Of summer.*

*Far, and beyond
The summer grass,
The baseball players are seen.*

—Shiki Masaoka (1897-1902),
translated from the Japanese
by Nobuyuki Yuasa, University
of Hiroshima

THE MOST portentous resident of the city of Hiroshima (pop.: 400,000) is the 28-year-old Californian who plays in the outfield for its major league Carp. The city's fans, who in 1958 will pass in record numbers beyond the ticket takers at the brand-new Hiroshima Citizens' Ball Place, call him "Hweehah," which is the way the Japanese deliver "Fibber," which in turn was his father's version of "February," the month of Fibber's birth, in Fresno.

If nobody has ever called him by his proper name, Satoshi, which means, in Japanese, wisdom, and which much more accurately defines his character than Fibber, he has not complained. Indeed, although he has borne through life his full share of small disappointments, and—once at least—a measure of pure injustice, he has confounded fate as he confounded

the rivals of his football days at Fresno State College, most of whom outweighed him by 50 pounds. "Nobody," he recollects, "ever hit me real solid."

Of Fibber Hirayama's spiritual past, however, the citizenry of Hiroshima hears nothing. His memory is notably weak in the matter of his own considerable achievement. To his father in Lindsay, California—Tokuzo, called George—and to his wife Jean in Hiroshima he has delegated the task of pasting up his scrapbooks, while Fibber himself, in the language of Carp Manager Katsumi Shirashi, "plays baseball like baseball."

Therefore, the city's copious affection for him can only be ascribed to its conscious appreciation of his present talents. For three years he has been the Carp's gracefully aggressive right fielder, lead-off batter and spiritual focus, and in this year of promise he continues to be its vital center, as the Carp, who have never finished higher than fourth in the Central

League, point their hopes toward the top brackets.

But this conscious appreciation, like all activity in a city whose devastation is so recent to memory, is in fact an expression of Hiroshima's profound necessity to achieve something much more ennobling than a mere pennant at baseball. Thorstein Veblen might have been describing the aroused temperament of this historic community when he spoke of a people "brought up against an imperative call to revise their scheme of institutions in the light of their native instincts, on pain of collapse or decay."

A way of life is sought which shall be more humane and democratic than the feudal pattern of the Oriental past. Yet it can be nothing so simple-minded as the blind adoption of all things American. In the person of Fibber Hirayama, whose ancestry is Japanese, whose techniques are American and who contains in fine balance within himself his double heritage, the humiliated but emergent city of Hiroshima glimpses in ideal fusion of West with East.

Three years ago, when Fibber Hirayama arrived with his bride in Hiroshima, he was greeted by 10,000 persons. He paled. "It was something terrible." Informed of the possibility of a small welcoming committee, he had earlier requested translation into Japanese of a speech which he had rehearsed upon the train from Tokyo and which, when silence was established, he delivered at Hiroshima station. When 10,000 people halloosed with laughter he was appalled. In beginner's Japanese he had attempted to say, "I am Satoshi Hirayama. I will do my best," but he afterward learned that he had committed the

continued

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Mark Harris has written three baseball novels, the best known of which is *Beng the Drum Player*. The story of Fibber Hirayama is the byproduct of a Fulbright Scholarship, which took Harris to the University of Hiroshima.

ludicrous error of misusing a word, which caused him to say: "I am Satoshi Hirayama and a splendid fellow."

His Carp teammates, still made merry by that incident, console him for his ignorance by reference to his primitive origins: he is only, they say, a piteous California farmer from a weebegone place called Fresno. "Hirayama," they sometimes inquire, "is it true that Fresno will soon have electricity?"

But he has done his best, as promised. Fibber Hirayama, according to the testimony of Takeo Yagi, chairman of Carp Fans (19,600 of whom have thus far this year contributed 200 yen apiece to their club, and who in the dark days of the Carp's infancy paid the team's salaries by public subscription), has become "famous for his constancy and sincerity," which is only to say, of course, that Fibber plays baseball as he learned to play it at Fresno.

At first glance, Fibber's resemblance to an athlete is by no means pronounced. Afflicted by nature with near-sightedness and a slight astigmatism, he wears tortoise-shell eyeglasses, exchanging those when in baseball uniform for silver-rimmed unbreakable lenses which he habitually polishes with a bar of dry soap. Elevated by nature to a height of only 5 feet 3 inches (5.22 Japanese *shaku*) he is sometimes indistinguishable from the bat boy, and even in Japan, where folk stand upon the average nearly a *shaku* shorter than Americans, he presently is the smallest Carp of all.

On the other hand, if he is vertically Japanese he is horizontally American. Nourished upon eggs, meat and milk ("Hirayama drinks milk like water"), he is broad-shouldered and full-chested, unlike most Japanese baseball players, whose power is predominantly in their legs. In a recent colloquy in one of the two Hiroshima magazines entitled—one in English, one in Japanese—Carp, an essayist arrived at the somewhat metaphysical conclusion that Fibber has the "strongest shoulders" of any Carp. And it is a tangible fact that he is the only Carp who can throw to home plate from the farthest reaches of the Ball Place. In a game in Honolulu on a 1951 tour with the Fresno State College baseball team, Fibber retired a runner at home with a heroic throw which moved Sportswriter



TRANSPLANTED HIRAYAMAS—FIBBER, SON GOLIN AND JEAN—AT HOME IN HIROSHIMA

Wallace Hirai to maintain that "other than Joe DiMaggio, no player has come through with such a perfect strike from the outfield in the 25-year history of the stadium."

FIBBER attributes his compact power to "real good wrists" and abundant sleep ("I sleep rather well. Just so I can get sideways I can sleep") and a mystic quality he calls "quickness." Characteristically amiable with regard to fine verbal distinctions, he allows "quickness" to mean "timing" as well. "Like in football," he explains, "being able to hit the hole at just the right time, cut back, cut out, in one or two strides I can make my cut."

From the moment Fibber became a Carp, according to veteran Second Baseman Jiro Kanayama, he "took charge." Kanayama recalls his astonishment at the discovery, returning to the dugout between innings, that Fibber, running in from the outfield, was already sitting on the bench. Thereupon Kanayama too began to run. Contrary to Japanese custom, Fibber also runs swiftly to first base in spite of the depressing effects of a ground ball weakly hit to the infield. In Japan, as in America, he has betrayed a dangerous but somehow inspiring tendency to crash into outfield fences in pursuit of fly balls, a form of behavior which resulted last year in a painful rib injury but which has contributed to the Carp in that magical way in which the contagious passion of a lone player often uplifts an entire team.

The Carp have openly emulated him, especially at those points at which his deportment afiel is imaginative rather than theoretical. He sometimes scores from first base on a single, or from second base on an infield out. He has introduced to the Carp the bumptious but perfectly legitimate Occidental custom of felling a double play by sliding into the relay. The unhappy Carp tendency to miss a signal because it was not anticipated is fading in an atmosphere conditioned by Fibber's conviction that strategy ceases to be strategy when it reduces itself to ritual. And some Carp, immobilized in former days by edifying visions of their own dexterity at one-handed fielding, have observed that the truest esthetic calls for Fibber's practical habit of speedily throwing the ball to the appropriate base.

It is natural enough that members of the Carp, being Japanese, have learned to play baseball as it has traditionally been played in Japan. This is not quite equivalent to playing baseball like baseball, although to the casual eye an afternoon's transaction at the Hiroshima Citizens' Ball Place looks like baseball. The diamond lies below in its American dimensions. The ball itself is the American ball in every essential stitch. The teams perform in American whites and grays, their names written in English across their shirts, their nicknames borrowed, as in America, from the kingdoms of beasts and demes—Giants, Tigers, Dragons, Lions, Whales, Hawks. It

is the American stadium, complete with vendors, flags, fenceboard advertising, scoreboard, peanuts, soda pop and a raincheck—everything except, for some inscrutable reason, the seventh-inning stretch. Now and then it is ladies' day. On Sunday there's a "dubbushedduru." There's a Most Valuable Player. The Central League opposes the Pacific League in an annual All-Star competition in July and in a Nippon Series in October. The "poetcha" (he may be a "sousepaw") throws "carvus" and "droppers," perhaps a "nakkuru-boru," or in temper a "blaboi," the "battah" runs to "farst-o" on a "hit-o." "Get two," the players sometimes call, and when they do the umpires cry "Out-o." The "catchah" wears the protective equipment designed in America, and the players jogging in from "left-o," "right-o," "second-o," "short-o" and "sardo" now carry their gloves with them—as they saw the touring San Francisco Seals do in 1949.

INTO this perfectly persuasive Ball Place the Japanese player carries not only his bat and glove but his culture. And Japanese culture has inhibited the free growth of baseball in a variety of subtle ways. For example, the Hiroshima Carp whom Fibber Hirayama joined were committed as truly as any group of Japanese workers, whether in industry, the professions or education, to the firm tradition of *sempai* and *kohai*. A *sempai* (superior) is bound in honor to advance the interests of some younger men (his *kohai*, inferior) with whom he is identified by virtue of their having attended the same high school, or because they originate from the same native town. In turn, the *kohai*'s first loyalty is to his *sempai*. It is a paternalism whose beneficence is apparent in many areas of Japanese life, but to a baseball team it is crippling. It results not in unity but in fragmentation, and it hampers a learning process especially important in Japanese baseball, where that Harvard and Yale of American ballplayers—the minor league farm club—does not exist. The young *kohai* shortstop whose native place is Yamaguchi will disastrously offend his *sempai* (a catcher whose native place is likewise Yamaguchi) by seeking tips on shortstopping from another shortstop whose native place is unfortunately Sendai. The free interchange of criticism and information

among players, which circulates upward and downward and across all lines of age and place in America, may travel only within sensitive limits in Japan.

An outsider, untrained in America to honor a *sempai* or shelter a *kohai*, Fibber Hirayama, in the intimacy of railroad cars, baths and hotels, has behaved for three years as if all Carp were created equal. Response to this novel conduct has been especially quick among those younger Carp of a postwar generation already hopeful of loosening *sempai* ties, which control even the choice of a wife. Now that Fibber himself has assumed a senior status (he is the sixth-oldest player on the youngest roster in the Japanese major leagues), the cultural impulse has been diverted in his direction. But since he will be nobody's *sempai*, the impulse dissolves, and the team as a whole moves toward a unity unprecedented among Japanese baseball clubs.

When the atomic bomb burst over Hiroshima, at a point almost directly above the dome of the Industrial Promotion Building (which alone survives today as a monument to the blast), Fibber himself was playing baseball in Arizona sunshine at Poston Relocation Center Two. "There really wasn't too much else to do. The nearest town was 20 miles away, and we weren't allowed to go."

He was 15. Three years earlier he had been evicted from Exeter, California by an anxious U.S. Government, which had somehow mistaken Fibber, pedaling his bicycle over the highways of Tulare County, for a potential enemy. With his father and two brothers (it was the year his mother died), their home and other possessions sold, he entrusted to take up life in a single barracks room at Poston Two. And when, a few days after the dropping of the bomb—the "catastrophe," as Hiroshimans call it—the Hirayamas were permitted to return home, there actually wasn't, as Fibber now perceives, "too much to go back to."

But if the prospect was dark he hadn't noticed. Or possibly he said, in the Japanese mood, "*Shikata-gomoi*." In the home where Japanese foods had sometimes been prepared, where he had heard the language spoken by his mother and where he had bathed all his life in a wood-burning bath modeled upon the magnificent tubs of the old country, it was inevitable that he should have

been a little bit shaped by the philosophy of *Shikata-gomoi*: "It cannot be helped . . . it is Nature." A household word in Japan, *Shikata-gomoi* describes the ancient Japanese habit of submitting to fate, blending with the landscape: the Japanese mountain road winds its way not over nor through but around. If it was the nature of the U.S. Government or the citizens of California to view Fibber Hirayama with suspicion or mistrust, very well, *Shikata-gomoi*. But at Exeter High, where he was the only Oriental boy, he discovered that it was also the nature of Americans to admire athletic skill. Devoting himself with all earnestness and all joy to games, he proceeded toward redemption, and on the playing fields of America, as afterward in Japan, he soon won not only acceptance but distinction.

AT Fresno State College, with a tuition scholarship and \$50 a month as wages for "art work" and other exhausting duties, he studied physical education and health education (he hopes to coach high school athletics in California), intellectual disciplines embodying tumbling, boxing, wrestling and hygiene. He played football in the autumn and baseball in the spring.

Weighing 150 pounds fully armored (18.13 Japanese *kan*), acclaimed by the Fresno press as "pound for pound" the best halfback on the Coast, he threw passes, ran the ends and squirmed and squirmed through holes in the line which a larger man could never have maneuvered. On defense he was notably adept at intercepting passes, but his principal charm from the spectators' point of view perhaps was his finesse in up-ending competitors whose relative bulk might have awed him had he paused to calculate the risk.

The Fresno State College baseball teams of 1950-52, twice captained by Center Fielder Fibber Hirayama, were among the strongest in the nation. The 1951 team won 36 games in 40 starts, 10 more in a 13-game postseason tour of Hawaii where, in addition to his memorable throw, Fibber typically distinguished himself by being twice hit by the opposing pitcher in a single game (once in the head), each time rising, trotting to first base and subsequently scoring. In 1952, against such major college competition as the University of California, USC, Stanford, UCLA

continued

and Oregon State College, the Fresno team won 31 games and lost nine.

Perhaps of even more significance than his ability to master the nature of baseball was the singular fact of Fibber's personality, which seduces people, wherever he goes, to accord him honors he never seeks. As he was twice captain of the Fresno Bulldogs, so was he also twice voted most popular player at National Baseball Congress tournaments in Wichita. Voted in 1951 Nisei Player of the Year, admitted to the 1951-52 edition of *Who's Who Among Students in American Colleges and Universities*, he was also elected Campus King (Queen Norma Morrison was slightly taller), in which capacity he proclaimed a holiday, reigned over a carnival and led a grand march down a dance floor dominated by plaster figures of a prince and princess 18 feet tall.

IF ever a man had rejoined his community, Fibber Hirayama had done so. The U.S. Government, which had exiled him from his home a decade before, now reclaimed him, and he found himself, in January 1953, once again in a barracks, this time at Fort Ord, California. Here, in addition to military duties, he batted .300 for the Fort Ord Warriors, 1954 All-Service champions. Discharged from the Army in October 1954, into a world in which, from the point of view of American baseball, he lacked *abaka* and *ken*, Fibber was fearful, at this time, that his race disqualified

him for coaching jobs on the West Coast.

It was then that he was encouraged by his good friend Kenichiro Zenmura of Fresno to hire out to the far-away Carp. Kenichiro—whose name means Health One—was born in Hiroshima, where a son Kenji—Health Two, called Harry—now lives, and where Kenso and Kenshi—Health Three and Health Four, called Howie and Harvey—played for the Carp for varying periods between 1933 and 1955. "I realized that I wouldn't be able to go anywhere as far as pro ball in the States is concerned," Fibber says, "and there's no place to go unless you can play in the big time. I decided to take a chance."

Lured, too, by the opportunity to visit Kumamoto, where generations of Hirayamas have raised rice and green tea, he was supported in his intention by Jean Doi, whom he had first pursued in aggressive American fashion down a corridor of the Administration Building at the campus in Fresno, and to whom he was married on February 12, 1955 in the First Congregational Church. ("I like whatever country my husband is in," she was afterward to say.)

On a wedding trip to Nevada and a visit to relatives in Los Angeles they spent a portion of their savings in American dollars, and on March 7, with tickets purchased in yen by the Hiroshima Carp Limited Companies, they departed San Francisco by Japan Air Lines. Two evenings later they dined at a Chinese-style restaurant in Tokyo, where Fibber was alarmed to discover a coeducational

lavatory. On March 11 they arrived at Hiroshima Station.

To the land of *Shikotogunai* the poet-reformer Shiki Masaoka, explaining baseball as long ago as 1896, stressed that the game continues for nine innings, after which "the total number of points are compared, and those who have more points are considered to be the winners. For example, 8-23." But Japanese baseball players have been accustomed to capitulate in early innings to the nature of a losing day. Moreover, when they do so they smile, since to reveal one's own humiliation is considered un-Japanese.

Fibber Hirayama, who smiles easily, has nevertheless been unable to take a long, philosophical view of a bad day. Fresno State College Baseball Coach Pete Belden recalls that during a period when Fibber went hitless in 42 attempts "he lost his sense of humor in the situation." He does not conceal emotions of disgust when he errs nor emotions of humiliation when he is outwitted by an opposing pitcher, nor has it ever occurred to him to consent to defeat until nine full innings have been played.

WAS the smile better? The surrender to Nature? Deference to authority? Does Hiroshima need baseball at the expense of its mellow code? But it is a city whose recent convulsive history forces it to choose with unnatural haste a symbol of its intention. It must choose between the bombed dome and the Ball Place.

Significantly, its initial reception for Fibber Hirayama, followed by a 50-car parade, has recently been equaled by its reception for only two other individuals: India's Nehru, whom the city views as a principal spokesman for world peace, and Helen Keller, the American woman who has defied nature in her conquest of physical handicap. *Shikotogunai* no longer serves.

In their support of their baseball team, the citizens of Hiroshima have enjoyed their first sustained opportunity to condemn a past which brought them to the edge of extinction. Never have citizens representing every economic level and every social distinction shared so clear a stake in a common endeavor. The Hiroshima Carp, organized nine years ago on a shareholding basis, is the only Japanese big-league team popularly bearing not the name of an industrial sponsor but the name of its city: of

FAMOUS DOME, SOLE RELIC OF 1945 A-BOMB BLAST, OVERLOOKS THE CARP STADIUM





AGILE FIDDER leaps for a wild one and shows form which has captured crowds.

the other 11 teams, six are owned by transportation companies, two by newspapers, one by a motion picture company, one by a fishery and one jointly by a newspaper and a motion picture company. This is a point of pride to Hiroshimans, who wish the world to know not only that their city fell but that it picked itself up again.

Last year Carp fans recorded a home attendance of 746,000, although the new 31,000-seat Ball Place was not put into use until late August. This year an attendance of 850,000—more than twice the city's population—is assured, a rate which will be nowhere approached in Japan and exceeded in the U.S. only at Milwaukee. In 1958 the Carp will show its first profit in yen. Long before opening day, April 5, interest was high: in mid-February 20,000 people attended an exhibition double-header, while on March 2 an equal number viewed games in cold which turned to snow before the afternoon was over.

The carp, in Japanese lore, is a fish which swims upstream, even over waterfalls. The Carp, in Japanese baseball, must struggle upstream against the formidable Central League empires of Tokyo (three teams), Osaka and Nagoya, whose millions in population provide a financial basis unavailable to Hiroshima and whose teams recruit the outstanding college players. The Carp

continued



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FIBBER *continued*

cannot pay, as the Yomiuri Giants recently did, a bonus of 25 million yen for a rookie third baseman.

Basically, if the Carp are to win, they can do so only by playing baseball like baseball, avoiding the mistake of confusing form with function: for baseball is more than a form. It is a spirit made in America and therefore, for better or for worse, the antithesis of *Shikatanari*. At the Hiroshima Citizens' Ball Place, accelerated by history and with an assist by Fibber Hirayama, the secret of that spirit is in the process of revelation.

Yet Fibber did not come to Hiroshima to instruct. He came as a workman, hired out to the Carp, as counter-part workmen in the U.S. hire out to the Red Sox or the Dodgers. On his new job he troubled himself to learn the language of his fellow workers; which he speaks in a frontal style, lopping from his speech that great variety of polite attachments of which Japanese is capable. He sacrificed meat and milk when necessary for rice and fish, although he deplores fish, especially raw, and once became morbidly ill on sardines. He has consistently rejected the special treatment Japanese hospitality daily offers the foreigner. He has asked neither privilege nor favor. He has given all he knows.

Although "a real good book reader," he has not yet encountered Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*, but he has somehow known—his name, after all, is Satoshi, wisdom—"that examples work more forcibly on the mind than precepts."

For his pains he has been rewarded. In the night, traveling through the sleeping countryside, a fellow player calls: "Hirayama, California farmer, look out the window," and Fibber, peering into the darkness, sees swiftly receding the lonely lights of a desolate rural station. "That," say the Carp, "is Fresno."

Less than profound, it is the baseball player's universal method of asserting affection. It is an affection earned. For his team, and for the city in which he has chosen to live his life so long as he can play baseball like baseball, Fibber has been an example working forcibly on the mind. It is much to have accomplished for a young man whom nature gave short supply in *shoku* and *ken*.

END

19TH HOLE The readers take over

NO TIME FOR SWIMMERS

Sirs:

Your article on Chris von Saltza ("I Like to Beat 'Em," *SL*, July 21) was really great. I am one of many American swimmers who feel that swimming does not get enough publicity. The public wants us to swim and win titles, but who gets the glory? Baseball players, football players, golfers.

BRIANNA HARRINGTON

Detroit

Sirs:

I was very interested to read of the difficulties Chris von Saltza and her coach, George Harris, had in finding a place to train.

I have always thought that finding a place to work out was a problem that faced only New York City swimmers and divers. My problem is finding good diving boards. None of the springboards in the city are any good. They are so stiff and slant up at such an angle that not only is it impossible to dive well from them and practice proper technique, but I am afraid that people who don't know anything about diving will get hurt trying to use them.

Astoria swimming pool, here in New York, was the site of the Olympic try-outs a few years ago, and I don't think that the diving towers have been used since then. Diving from even the five-meter platform is prohibited to everyone, and the ladders have even been taken down. How can we ever try out for the Olympics unless someone gives us the chance to learn beforehand? I think it is just stupidity to let those towers stand there unused until the big event and then expect a good turnout and good results.

Best of luck to Chris von Saltza. I hope she will "beat 'em" in 1960.

EILEEN HIGGINSBOTTOM

New York City

● Crowded conditions in New York City pools are responsible for regulations limiting the use of high-diving equipment, a situation not unique to New York and one that does not augur well for U.S. swimmers and the divers trying to "beat 'em" in the 1960 Olympics.—ED.

STAFF RECOMMENDATION

Sirs:

Jim Brennan (*The Eccentric Psychiatrist*, *SL*, July 21) sounds like a very educated man who knows more about our national pastime than just pitching.

In addition to his knowledge of baseball and interest in other things, he possesses writing ability. Why don't you sign him up?

DAVID NEMIROFF

Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Sirs:

Jim Brennan reflects, in his interesting diary, the thinking of the moderns (well-informed, cultured, pessimistic, cynical, non-Christian) American mind.

JOHN NICOLINI

Oakland, Calif.

MAIL THE HOOP

Sirs:

How about an illustrated story on Frisbee, the greatest of all summer sports?

DON JAMES

Tacoma, Wash.

● Will you settle for Hula-Hoop (page 28)?—ED.

PUP VS. TOT

Sirs:

Returning home on the 5:51, I read your interesting article, *Edwisting the Poodle Dog* (*SL*, July 14, 21). An excellent piece by people who have delved deeply into the subject.

Leaving the 5:51, I saw a tot about 5 years old with a cute black, totally untrained poodle race down the street to greet her pop. She was dragging the pup

on a long leash. The animal finally got the idea and sprinted on, but in a different direction. The child went on one side of a telephone pole; the poodle twice wrapped its leash around the other. This almost choked the pup.

I do think there are many parents and children who should have the basic instructions in your articles. Even the pups would be grateful.

VINCENT H. RENDICH

Mamaroneck, N.Y.

AMATEUR VS. PRO

Sirs:

I sent for an entry blank for the Chicago Open golf tournament, which is replacing the Tam (as if any ever with), and was amazed to see that the amateur entry fee was equal to that of the pro (\$50). Where is the logic behind this? The amateur cannot win any of the \$50,000 being offered; a trophy is his consolation. Is this tournament only for the rich amateurs?

It is evident that the sponsors of this tournament are shunning the amateur by making the entry fee prohibitive and discouraging.

JOSEPH MALIK

Berwyn, Ill.

Sirs:

Recently I have seen a Charles Goren bridge bracelet that is very attractive, with small charms giving his point count for bidding. But I wonder, is it fair play?

Somehow I feel that wearing the bracelet to a bridge party might be like using a crib sheet during final exams.

ANN CHASE

Brockton, Mass.



● It is both legal and acceptable etiquette, says Mr. Goren, to keep your hands above the table while wearing the bracelet (see above) during rub-

ber bridge, but leave it at home for tournament play. For that matter, when you are that good, you will need no reminders.—ED.

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Pat on the Back

Frank Berger



DR. WERNHER VON BRAUN

'It's sort of like flying'

As development chief of the U.S. Army Ballistic Missile Agency in Huntsville, Ala., Wernher von Braun is professionally occupied with the dispatch of objects into the firmament above, but the famous space scientist has found a balancing sporting interest in the waters beneath. In the past four years he has become an accomplished skin-diver.

Dr. Von Braun gravitates downward for the "opportunity to move in three dimensions." He discovered this experience off the California coast when a skin-divers' club outfitted

him in flippers and mask, gave him abbreviated basic training and nudged him overboard. Ten minutes later Von Braun had speared a fish.

Since then, when heaven can wait, the doctor practices his sport in California or off the Florida Keys, this past spring burbled down 150 feet in Jamaican waters. And as much as he enjoys spearfishing, Von Braun is even more attracted to the scenery.

"You start with a \$2.50 pair of flippers," he said recently, "and wind up with a \$750 camera." He is currently trying to submerge that temptation.



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